NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1876.

VOLUME XXIV.—No. 17. Price Ten Cents.

VANISHING YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O vanishing, vanishing years!
O years that are passing away!
Your burden of joy and of tears
How vain!—my wishes would stay.
My hands are outstretched to your hours—
I grasp, but your moments have fled;
I hold in my keeping your flowers,
But the garlands are withered and dead.

How my hopes have gone down in your stream;
How you slip from my reaching, and glide!
Like shades of a fanciful dream,
My joys disappear in your tide.
The footsteps that timed them to mine
In youth, when life's morning was gay,
The eyes, with their sparkle divine,
Have vanished and faded away.

You touch with your magical wand
The treasures I prize as my own;
My pleasures slip out of my hand
And leave me my sorrows alone.
And they, too, shall vanish, nor wait,
For all things are passing away;
You raise to the future the gate,
And naught that is earthly may stay.

The loves and the hatreds of life,
The sorrows, the joys and the fears,
The friend, and the lover and wife,
Pass on with the vanishing years.
Not even the voice of a song,
Sung over and over, may last,
For, swept by the current along,
It vanishes into the past.

O vanishing, vanishing years!
I too shall sweep on with your days;
My laughter, the drip of my tears,
Go down in your wildering maze.
The loved ones borne out from my side
Shall come in fresh beauty to me—
Thank God that the ebb of your tide
Steals on to eternity's sea!

EVELYN DE VERE;
OR,
THE TWO CITIES.

A Life Drama Played on the World's Stage.

BY HENRY CHARLTON EMMET,
AUTHOR OF "THE TRUE AND THE FALSE, OR WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME."

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1876. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

But no sooner had Evelyn stepped into the broad highway of fame than she felt that each and every one of those influences being brought to bear upon her Public opinion was as bright and warm as the great luminary of day. But envy stalked abroad and clouded that bright light, invoking the aid of Jupiter's lightning darts of malignity and the thunder of doubt and accusation.

Who was this Miss Desmond? Where did she come from? This woman without any pedigree—this unknown who had leapt from the river of obscurity into a false position and an undeserved notoriety. This woman with the assumption of talent which she did not possess—this public wearer of borrowed plumage. Then came the pestilent breath of suspicion. Those papers influenced by Evelyn's enemies suggested that she was the creature of some nobleman, whose money, backing up the management, not her talent, gave her the position she now held. Fabrications of the basest kind crept into print, and had their weight until exposed as the infamous and lying records that they were.

At first Evelyn shrank in sickening terror beneath these allegations. But her friends stood by her; she became less sensitive, and indignation resolved itself into scorn.

"Live it down." Gabrielle had written on one occasion. "Do as I and twenty others have had to do. Live it down, dear child; and when the truth asserts itself, as it must, then the world will make a martyr of you as well as a pet."

So Evelyn lived it down, but even then the path to fame was not a bed of roses. She had to work hard, and study harder. The greater one becomes in public opinion, the greater things we are expected to do.

There were times when Evelyn felt that she was leading an artificial life, one that seemed to demand the forfeiture of all the more sacred purposes of woman. Its very brilliancy was recklessness; its splendid labor a mere nothing. Such a life must necessarily breed a thoughtlessness which causes time to pass unnoticed and a future to be forgotten while the bloom of youth and beauty remains fanned by the breath of admiration and of friendship, and made fragrant by the spring dews of life, as if Time were not slowly plucking the leaves from beneath the flower and leaving bare the thorns, and the day was forever distant when the pliant, bending stem would be sapless, the blossom decaying and ignored, or mercilessly trampled on by those who once inhaled its fragrance and admired its loveliness.

Evelyn had scrupulously avoided—even indignantly—permitting anyone to pay her the slightest attention beyond the common civilities of life. She had cultivated no chosen male friends. She was never without the presence of matronly, but dignified and gentle with those about her, without being proud, pleasant always, but gay never. She was the first to tend a sick and poor sister in the lower ranks of her profession, always the most liberal on the subscription list for the relations of an unfortunate who had been taken from them by death, or for those who were deprived of earning their support through accident.

Her influence was felt throughout the circles in which she moved, and the most frivolous looked to and admired her, perhaps all the more that they were constitutionally incapable of cultivating those qualities which made her an ornament to the profession and to womanhood.

So nearly a year went by when Evelyn's provincial tour was over. She was expected in London then, but the Londoners were again disappointed. She had accepted, she said, an engagement in America, and would start after a month's sojourn at Brighton, Eng. During her stay there she received a letter from Gabrielle Vane.

"I'm off to Chicago," was the astounding news. "Should you adhere to your intention of visiting the great republic, we shall meet in that great city of (to us) wealth and mystery, New York. May we not be disappointed. I have hastened my departure on account of my guardy being in Paris watching for the races. I hear he is running a horse in the Grand Prix. So far I am safe. God bless you, Eva. Your *private* fame—that is, your *personal* goodness and true womanly nature, your commendable and unselfish actions will ever render your life an example—has reached *me*, and the world too, I'm thinking."

There was a good deal of stage gossip, etc., which Evelyn read with a smile.

True to the published date, Miss Desmond left the shores of England, and in thirteen days was ensconced at the Union-square Hotel, New York.

She found that her portraits, always in character costume, had preceded her—they had long since attracted crowds in front of the stationers' windows in London, and called forth, as they invariably do, such remarks from the reckless male onlookers, as have caused mothers, and maidens too, to turn from the window with a blush of shame and sorrow for their unhappy but gifted sister.

On the evening of the second day after Evelyn's arrival, as she passed through the hall by the office of the hotel, she caught a glimpse of a tall, elderly gentleman who was carefully reading the names of the late arrivals at the hotel.

Something—she knew not what—in the appearance of the distinguished-looking gentleman caused a thrill to pass through her frame. He did not look at her, but turned to speak to a younger gentleman by his side; following his gaze, Evelyn received a shock which nearly made her faint.

He had got his finger on a name, and was pointing it out to no other person than Camden Hope.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE BUSH, BUT NOT IN THE HAND.

How many of the people who so seldom stop to think would have put down this sudden and unexpected appearance of Camden Hope at the Union-square Hotel as the work of fate? Yet it was nothing of the kind. It was the simplest thing in the world. Thousands of people meet daily quite as accidentally. I have met people in my travels quite as accidentally—people whom I thought, it thought of at all, to be thousands of miles away.

As I have said, Fate has nothing at all to do with it. De Vere and Camden Hope had been for a year vainly searching for Evelyn. They had advertised, had set the private police offices at work, and failed. They had at last come to the conclusion that she had left the country, possibly for France or Germany, and they were on the eve of their departure for the Continent, when they were attracted by a new face in a photographer's window.

On inspection it proved to be the likeness of the new provincial star, Mlle. Desmond. Stage-costume and stage-dressing did much to disguise its actual originalities; but Camden, taking De Vere quietly by the arm, whispered:

"Found at last. Let us go in and buy that portrait."

He had spoken the last of the sentence aloud, and De Vere, who scarcely yet fully comprehended the meaning of his young friend, had followed him silently, but wonderingly.

De Vere had confessed that the one short interview had left a somewhat vivid impression of Eva on his mind, adding:

"But those gewgaws and stage puff powder and paint would quite destroy the identity of the reality of that impression."

"All the make-ups ever resorted to could never disguise Evelyn from me."

So the photograph was bought, and they returned to their hotel to discuss matters. That is how the search commenced. With that clue Camden had followed closely upon the heels of his lost love until he arrived in New York.

"How shall we find out where they have gone?" asked Vere.

"By making inquiries at the hotels, I presume," said Camden. "Let us try. Here is a hotel—let us drop in here," and they dropped into the New York. At the clerk's desk Camden inquired if they could tell him where the ladies of Percival's Theatrical Troupe would be likely to stay.

"Do you wish to find out one particular lady, sir?" asked the clerk civilly, for they are so accustomed to answering the profitless inquiries of strangers that they take it as a part of their daily duties, and do it pleasantly enough to make one put unnecessary questions for the mere sake of being answered.

"I want one particular name, please," said Camden.

The clerk had an inward smile as he eyed his interlocutor keenly.

"Another Britisher," he thought, "but a gentleman." Aloud he simply said: "You see, they break up a good deal. The 'stars' go one way; those with lesser means to cheaper hotels, I guess."

How differently that "I guess" sounded to Camden to what he had anticipated. It came like the thoughtful wind-up of the sentence, but meant more for himself than anyone else. Moreover, it was almost the first time he had heard it since his arrival in New York.

"The best way, unless you go straight to the manager of the company," he went on, "is to look over the register of names. It's only a day or two ago, is it, sir?"

"That is all."

While he was speaking, the clerk turned back a few pages of the book.

"Here is the list of the guests who arrived on that day, sir. You can look over that. The name is sure to be registered at whatever hotel they stop."

"A pleasant task," smiled Camden, "to search all the hotels in this city."

"You need not go very far uptown, sir, or downtown. They strike about midway, as a rule. Do you see the name?"

"Not here. I will take your advice, though, and begin my search. I only hope that I shall meet with the same courtesy—possibly some may object?"

"Not at all. This is a free country, sir," with an air that seemed to say "That's more than yours is." "Hotels here are not like those over the other side. You can walk in and out when you please, excepting in the private parlors upstairs. Half the people in the reading-room and public sitting-rooms are not guests."

"A cheap privilege to ape the swell," laughed Camden. "I am very much obliged to you. Good-day."

"Good-day, sir."

Camden still kept to the old-country style of slightly raising his hat as he went out. He had not noticed yet that this was a superfluity in this go-ahead, practical city, where business men kept their society airs for the ladies when business was over.

Before they had reached the Union-square Hotel—having gone into many—Camden noticed that there were plenty of people, who, either from idle curiosity or the same purpose as himself, strolled casually into a hotel, and looked over the list of names in this or that day's arrivals. So after a time he did the same himself. It was unnoticed by any of the clerks. Blank cards were in the huge inkstands; also plain wood toothpicks.

"It appears to me," he said on going out of a hotel, "that a penniless, shabby-genteel idler can stroll into these places, take a glass of water and a toothpick, and go out with the air of a man who has dined."

De Vere laughed.

"You must wait a while, and we will go round and see the free-lunch principle."

"You have been in this city before?"

"Only once, and then not for long. I speak of New Orleans; also one or two Western cities."

"You have seen a good deal of this country?" asked Camden. He always tried to keep De Vere's mind from dwelling too much upon his bitter disappointment.

"From an Englishman's point of view, yes; from an American's, no. Travel here is nothing. I do not believe that actual fast traveling is the rule—indeed, it is only the exception. But the comfort of the cars on which one stays for nearly a week at a time disillusions one of the idea that we are leaving city after city far behind."

"Still it must be monotonous."

"So are all things save one—home. We even tire of that sometimes, but you may depend that a couple of days' pleasant excursion a few miles away, aided by a little personal discomfort, will serve to make one just as willing to get back to one's own home."

"Yet it must be an everlasting pleasure to look back upon the days spent in travel, when one is settled down. There is much to be learned more by reading the world's book than studying the written pages of those who too frequently write from guesswork, which a certain class of our republican friends ought to do passing well, for they are always guessing."

"Yes," answered De Vere, smiling at his young friend's humor, but keeping strictly to the point in hand; "I admit that; but you travel for a purpose—to study men and manners. You indelibly fix geography upon your mind by experience. But the traveler who has no fixed destination in view but the grave leads a purposeless life. Observing nothing, caring nothing, and knowing nothing, he sees no difference in men but their color of skin or their language."

"Men," chimed in Camden, "who have less purpose than a migrating brute beast, and not so much instinct as a bird."

"Exactly," said De Vere, as they turned into the Union-square Hotel, and went through the same process of name-hunting as before.

De Vere was first at the desk this time, and he commenced the task, running his index-finger down the pages until he came to

"Madame Inspagnie, London, Eng."

"Miss Desmond. do. do."

A bracket encircled the two names, the latter written in a bold, clear, cultivated hand. To judge by the respective numbers, the ladies had adjoining rooms.

"At last," said De Vere, echoing the very words which Camden had uttered when they saw Evelyn's portrait in the window of the photographer's.

"Look here, Camden."

Camden glanced at the name which De Vere's finger indicated, and his face flushed.

"Yes," he said. "Let us just plan our operations." They strolled away from the clerk's desk into the hall, and held a long conversation there. "Would it be better to send your name up?"

De Vere shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered, "whether Evelyn knows that she has a relative left on earth. She would at once think it a subterfuge on my own part. Send your own."

"As it is now?" asked Camden, who had succeeded to De Vere Hope's title and estates.

"No. You have some of your old cards with you, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Then send one up to Evelyn, and beg an interview. Surely she has no cause to refuse you?"

"I hope not," and together they returned to the clerk's desk. "I should like," said Camden, "my card to be sent up to Miss Desmond, if you please."

"Just gone out, sir. Gone out with madame."

"Have you any idea when they will return?"

"None at all, sir. You can leave a message."

"Thanks; we will call again," and Camden, with De Vere on his arm, strolled out.

"What is to be done now?"

"We will go to the theatre and inquire there. Possibly there may be a dress rehearsal there."

"Surely not so late as this?"

"Then we must amuse ourselves for an hour or so, and then go back to the hotel."

"Or shall we put it off till to-morrow? Perhaps it would be as well that we should," said Camden, and so they waited till the morrow.

With that sublime and egotistical faith in ladies being never presentable until midday, unless by previous arrangement, Camden Hope assumed that it would not be wise to call until after twelve o'clock on the following day.

His astonishment was greater than his vexation when he was told that the ladies had left New York by an early train, and would not, the clerk thought, be back for a day or two.

This looks ominous, thought Camden as he went on his way reflectively.

It looked more ominous still when he returned, two days later, and learned that Madame Inspagnie and the young lady had not only left the hotel altogether, but had sent a hired expressman for their luggage.

"Fate!" muttered De Vere, as he stared blankly into the white, disappointed face of Camden.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUT OF ONE TROUBLED SEA—ABOUT TO PLUNGE INTO THE SURF OF ANOTHER.

November is not a pleasant month to cross the Atlantic in, and it is certain that those who do cross are on business, or have a little difference of opinion with the legal authorities on the other side.

Cabin-berths are usually pretty plentiful, and cabin-passengers correspondingly scarce. Yet on one particular November evening one of the steamers of the Cunard line had aboard an unusual addition to the generally small complement of passengers who venture on those wintry trips, in the persons of two stalwart and distinguished-looking Englishmen.

They were on deck when the steamer arrived in dock, and engaged in low conversation, uninterested, unlike the other passengers, by the sight of New York by gaslight.

They stood apart from anyone—possibly that their conversation might not be overheard. Were they to be described, you would at once recognize them as Ernest Crawford Doyle and Conyer Elston. Both looked well from their ocean voyage.

That great and ever-turning tide of circumstances had drifted them over here to New York, for what purpose they themselves could not exactly tell, unless it was to fulfill their destinies, fortunately never foreseen by us, and always impossible to avert when one has chosen the wrong road—the treacherous yet alluring road of vice, with its temples of sin on either side, temptation its guide, destruction and retribution its termini.

Conyer's bogus business had failed—had suddenly collapsed, like a house of cards—and the inevitable luck of a libertine and gambler had come to Doyle. In London even the circles of folly and profligacy were closed against them. One was a fraudulent bankrupt, the other a ruined gamester who had fled from his debts of honor.

The very society which tolerated and encouraged them when they had means would not countenance such men. Both had broken the unwritten laws of their order, and the edict of banishment had gone forth, and they were banished.

"Do you think you are likely to be followed?" asked Doyle.

"If any of my creditors think fit to be spiteful," replied Conyer with a low, savage laugh.

"Which is, I suppose, possible."

"Probable," suggested the handsome, reckless adventurer, with a nonchalance which makes one admire such men in spite of their morals.

"Do you think it will be wise for both of us to stay at one hotel?"

"I think not—at present at least. I shall enjoy my new life solus for a time—a victim of hotel attendance, my own valet de chambre—while you at least have one link of the old time left you."

"Do you mean Spoffort?" asked Doyle gravely, and speaking of his own man-servant. "An expensive and unenviable acquisition to a man's comfort. He came of his own accord, forced himself upon me, and sometimes I almost mistrust his motives."

"You are getting morbid, my friend."

"I am getting mistrustful," said Doyle, still more gravely. "Such a life as mine must necessarily have uncertain moments, and it is never so near as when we think it farthest off."

"Pleasant philosophy to start on a new life with, my dear fellow. I do not complain, you see."

"Why should you? From your own showing, you never expected anything different. You educated yourself up to being what you are. Penniless at the start, you had to make the world pay for your luxuries. My life has been one series of bitter disappointments."

"You should have borne them, my friend. Let us, besides, change the subject. I think I shall put up at the Hoffman House when I have seen you to the New York."

"What name are you going by?"

"Elston Hardy. And you?"

"My own," said Doyle moodily. "Why not? I have no fear now of being here yet."

"Everything is ready, sir," said a quiet voice almost in his ear. And turning sharply round, Doyle saw Spoffort—a slim, tall man, with a stoop in his shoulders and a long, unfathomable, melancholy face. "I leave sent on the soft question."

"Very well," replied Doyle slowly, and looking his man full in the eyes. "Tell him where to go, Con. We will walk."

"New York Hotel, Broadway, near Waverly Place," said Elston. "Shall we walk down?"

"No, sir, thank you," answered Spoffort, who was one of those men possessing a remarkable memory.

"Go on, then, and wait for me; do not select rooms overlooking the main thoroughfare," said Doyle. And when the man had gone he turned towards Elston. "That is the thing I do not like in Spoffort. He has a catlike tread, and may, for all I know, have been behind me for some minutes."

Elston laughed outright.

"You grow nervous," he said; "give the poor wretch his wooden shoes—you will hurt him then."

"Is it not time we went ashore?" asked Doyle, whose mood was particularly odd. "I suppose we must exchange the usual civilities with the captain. Let us get it over."

There had been a heavy fall of snow the day previous to their arrival. Frost had set in since, and the streets of New York presented to the tired wayfarer three inches or so of slippery ice—well enough in its way; but as skates had not yet been introduced into ordinary, everyday life in Winter, the streets were pretty well deserted.

To Doyle the ice and snow was a pleasant sight. Its uncertainty in England and brief duration there made it something to long for as a subject of the poet and the artist.

"We will walk," he said to Conyer. "I like a brisk walk on such a night as this."

"Scarcely safe without rubber shoes on; but I am with you."

They strolled on arm in arm for better security, Conyer making his way out of the purlieus of the docks for Broadway. When they had got as far as the City Hall, Doyle ventured to inquire where they were.

"Broadway," answered Conyer.

"*What!*" cried Doyle, coming to a full stop and looking around him as if he had received a sudden shock. "Good heavens!" he said, after a silent pause, and then walked on with his companion.

"You seem disappointed."

"Disappointed isn't the word for it. From what I had read and heard, especially from our American cousins, I had pictured in my mind a magnificent thoroughfare, with ceaseless palatial buildings, and one blaze of light and life. Instead, I find buildings made hideous by their signs and advertisements, or network hung across the road. Scarcely a soul is to be seen, and without the whiteglare of the snow the want of gas-light would be insufferable."

"You cannot expect a business thoroughfare to be a Fifth-avenue."

"But do they make no effort to remove the snow and ice?"

"Sometimes," said Conyer with a smile. "You must remember, my friend, that a hundred years ago London was three hundred times worse than this. This country is in its infancy."

"True; I make allowances for that. If the Americans would do the same, foreigners would estimate the city at its worth. But they will make comparisons. Many speak of Paris with indifference, and compare London to their own city with cool disparagement to the former. It is the first time in my life I was ever so thoroughly disillusioned. Look at the state of the by-streets."

"True; but then some of ours are not all violets." Conyer had lived in American cities before; he was accustomed to them now. Like many other traveled Englishmen, he did not come here expecting to find a Paris or a London—he came to New York, and found New York a great cosmopolitan city, with its wealth, its novelties, its commercial enterprise, and sacrifices of shows and appearances for utility, the great reformer of the age. "Besides," he said, "you must not get into too low a locality, especially as you will soon learn that New York is not America. It is a little island entirely surrounded by water, without bridges, and yet with every facility for rapid commercial transit."

"Where do they hold Congress?"

Conyer laughed.

"In an independent district, several hundred miles from here—the District of Columbia. It is singular that even the best-educated Englishmen are as ignorant of American geography as they are of the interior of China. Hullo, who is this?"

They both faced round, observing in a restaurant-window an almost life-size head "litho'd" from the portrait of Evelyn.

"Miss De Vere?" said Doyle with a curious and intense suppression of the voice.

"Yes; that's where you made one of the big mistakes of your life. You left the substance for the shadow. Both are gone now."

"I am not quite so sure about that," answered Doyle, biting his lips, while the old love-light made his hitherto dreamy eyes flash brilliantly. "She may be won yet."

"You forget that others are on the track."

"Let them—I shall be in the race too," said Doyle as he passed on.

"You must take into consideration that the fellow Hope is a man of wealth—that he carries in his pocket a comfortable little fortune which belongs to his cousin, and that also he is a lord now."

Doyle laughed a short, savage, bitter laugh, but made no remark, and Conyer continued:

"We have very little. A couple of strokes of ill luck would ruin us. Yet we dare not budge an inch from our old standing. We must keep up appearances and style here, above all other places. Plenty can be done in time, but we must not break down before that time comes."

"A day or two's rest is the right thing, and then we must hold a committee of ways and means. We are in desperate straights, and must have recourse to desperate means should affairs look too foreboding."

"Precisely my opinion. Many desperate things are done in this country that dare not always be brought to light. How much money have you got?"

"About a thousand pounds."

"Not enough. Well, I'll lend you another thousand. Ten thousand dollars is not a very bad amount to have standing. Less would never carry you through with any big project."

"And you?"

"I have a little more. We can help each other, then."

"You managed things pretty well, upon my soul," laughed Doyle.

"I never have managed them better had I had more time, but safety was the principal object. Here we are."

They had reached the hotel. Spoffort was waiting for them in the entry. Doyle signed his name in the book, and followed his servant to the rooms which had been engaged for him. A bright fire was glowing in the grate—always a welcome sight to Englishmen. Doyle ordered Spoffort to bring champagne, and to lower the gas a little.

"The snow," he explained, "has made my eyes ache a little. Besides, I like to have the glow of the fire over the room."

When the wine came Doyle had removed his traveling coat and boots, and had donned his slippers and lounge-jacket, already put out for him by his servant. Conyer, who was going elsewhere, only removed his outer coat and hat.

"The night after to-morrow," he said, "Evelyn appears at the theatre. Be there. Work your own game, and leave the rest to me."

"And if you fail?"

"You will not be brought into the question. Besides which, I do not anticipate failure."

"If self-confidence means success, you will succeed."

"Aye, and without delay."

Long after Conyer had departed that night, Doyle sat staring moodily into the fire, and long after the fire had gone out he sat staring moodily at the ash-covered grate, until a chill, like a warning of the future, fell upon him, and, with a shiver, he rose and went to bed.

Two nights later, and Evelyn appeared for the first time before the American public. De Vere was there, as was Camden. Doyle had a back seat, and watched and waited.

Conyer was not far away. Even after the theatre was shut, he watched the stage-door where De Vere stood. He saw Evelyn come out and the old man approach her. He saw Evelyn start, pause, hesitate, listen to a few hurried words, and then turn towards madame.

What she said could not well be heard, but it resulted in madame calling a hired carriage, and father and daughter, without another word, drove away in Evelyn's hack, and, with a glow of gladness upon his face, Camden Hope turned away and strode off with a light and airy step.

Conyer followed, and when they were in a somewhat deserted spot he touched Camden lightly on the shoulder.

"Mr. Hope."

"Elston! This is a surprise indeed. When did you arrive?"

"Only lately," replied Elston; and then in the most unnatural possible way they walked on together.

Unperceived by Camden, they were followed by a tall, slender, pale-faced girl, ill-clad and ill-shod, with long, unkept hair floating around her shoulders or streaming out in the cold night-breeze. She dogged their footsteps, but kept on the opposite side of the way, until they came to a standstill. And when Conyer took his leave, at an almost imperceptible sign from him she darted across the road and placed herself in front of Camden.

"Sir," she said in piteous accents, "I implore you to listen to me for one moment. Only a word, sir, for the love of God."

Camden paused, and looked down at the supplicant. He was not used to this sort of thing, and his heart always softened even while he mistrusted.

He saw the white, pinched face tear-bedewed, and the large, sunken eyes looking at him with such inexpressible anguish that he could not turn from the poor and suffering creature.

"What is it?" he asked, involuntarily holding his umbrella over the thinly clad figure, for the snow had begun to fall.

"Oh, sir! in the name of charity—of pity—of humanity—I implore you to assist me. Starving though I am, I ask it not for myself, but for my sister, who is dying of want and cold."

Camden began to feel in his pocket. The girl continued rapidly:

"I know, sir, you doubt me. It is hard to judge the true needy from the impostor. It is only right that you should mistrust the truth of my story. Come with me, sir, and see for yourself."

"Where do you live?"

"Only a little way from here, sir—quite a little way."

"I will give you the protection of my umbrella; and if what you say is true, something shall be done."

While they were walking on, Camden, with an Englishman's recklessness, never noticing where they were going, the girl told him a story that made his very heart bleed.

"Here, sir," said the girl after a ten minutes' brisk walk.

The locality was not a pleasant one. The house was tall, dark and dilapidated. The girl pushed the door open and led the way up a dark staircase.

Almost at the top of the house she pushed open a room-door and gently dragged him into the room.

"Wait," she said, "while I get a light."

The door closed with a bang. There was the clashing of bolts, the shooting of locks, and Camden Hope knew then that he was

TO BE CONTINUED.

If a young lady has a thousand acres of valuable land, the young men are apt to conclude that there are sufficient grounds for attachment.

The young lady who called at a book-store for "Drake on Attachments" was disappointed to find it a mere law-book.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

A SCENE FROM "A TRIP TO THE MOON."

DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VERNER HOWARD.

Dead!—her white hands meekly folded
In peaceful, happy rest;
Dead!—no care nor sorrow
Disturbs her quiet breast;
Life's cares and troubles ended,
Its painful journey o'er,
Her weary feet are resting
On the eternal shore.

Ah, Death is but the portal
From sorrow unto bliss;
The grave a quiet resting place
To yonder heaven from this.
Dead! and the bitter tear-drops
Fall from loving eyes,
Because she is calmly resting
Under the starry skies.

No earthly care or sorrow
Shadows her placid brow;
No murmur of want or mis'ry
Comes from her pale lips now;
All is calm and peaceful,
And yet they call her dead,
When her soul, no longer earth-bound,
To Eden's quickly fled.

Then weep not when she slumbers
Upon the Saviour's breast,
And her body, worn and weary,
Under the turf's at rest;
She is not dead, but living
Beyond the golden shore,
Wearing a crown of glory,
And blest forevermore.

SIGNOR TORRINI'S AUTOMATON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I was always a stupid kind of a chap. I don't know as I ever think, 'cept it's about eatin', and I do often sit doin' that for hours at a time.

My father—he's a carpenter—he's often said to me: "You darned lunkhead, you're only fit to carve a figger-head out of, you great, big, clumsy, woodenheaded lubber, you!" for he's put me to lots of trades, and it was never no use; everybody said I was a regular blockhead, good for nothing—not even for runnin' errands or givin' away handbills. It's no good tryin' to beat things into my head, for I never could remember nothin', unless it was meal-times. I don't forget them; but nothin' I eat ever hurts me, and nothin' don't seem to do me any partickeler good. Nothin' ever puts me out of temper, nor nothin' ever makes me laugh. The only thing ever I see to make me feel like laughin' is vittals, and when they're set before me I've got something better to do; and the only thing that ever makes me feel like gettin' out of temper is having to get up mornin's to chop wood, and then it's the gettin' up that does it. When you're once out of bed, you may as well chop wood as anythin' else, for all I see. I git along best as well as them folks that's always a-workin' and a-hurryin' and a-fussin', and I don't git near so tired.

Wal, last year, there was one of these travelin' conjurors come to our town—I forgot to tell you I live way down in East, in Yarmouth, when I'm to home—and he was about the liveliest man I ever see; could talk faster 'n a politician; he really made me uncomfortable, he did, he was so darned spry and chipper. Wal, he see me a-loafin' around, readin' one of the bills he had stuck up, and he give me a pass to see the show, purvidin' I would go up on the platform to hold some things for him. Wal, I went up and did what he told me. It 'peared to amuse the people like everything, for they nearly laughed themselves into fits, and I heard some of 'em say: "Did you ever see a man keep such a straight face on him?" and "It's just as if he was cut out of wood." Now, for my part, unless a man sees something to laugh at he aint got no call to laugh, and that's just why *I* didn't.

After the show was out Signor Torrini, for that was the name he went by, though he wan't no more of an Italian than I be, he come to me and said: "I never see your living equal. You must be used to the public, not to mind them any more than if you was a stone idol?"

"I never see the public before," says I.

"You didn't?" says he.

"No," says I.

"Well, look here," he goes on. "I don't mind giving you half a dollar if you'll tell me what you was a thinking of when the audience was a-screaming with laughing at you."

"Vittals, sir," says I.

"Come and have some along o' me," says he, "and maybe I can put you in the way of getting 'em regular."

Of course I hadn't no objection to that, and I went along with him.

Next day he goes to see my father.

"Your son has a wonderful talent, sir," he says quite serious.

"Darn his talent," says my father; "I never seen him have talent for anything, unless it was handlin' a knife and fork!"

"He's got a natural gift, sir, for not laughing at anything, such as I never see before, not out of the reserved seats. The question is, could he be depended on to keep his countenance every time, like he did last night?"

"I never see him smile in my life," says father, "nor get mad at anything, nor put out; in fact, I never see him take much notice of anything. There aint no doubt but what he can keep his countenance, and that's a darned sight more than his countenance 'll ever do for him."

"I aint so sure about that," says Signor Torrini; "I'm willing to give him ten dollars a week and his board, if he's a mind to sign a contract for twelve months."

"And what's he to do?" says my father.

"Nothing—except to be looked at, and that won't hurt him, I suppose?"

"Wal," says father, "I d'know as it would. What do you say, Hiram?"

"I don't care," says I. So I jined the show.

The public is a darned obstinate lot, for when you laugh they won't; but if you look as solemn as an undertaker, bein' as you've got no call to laugh, considerin' as how you don't see nothin' to laugh at, then they'll laugh fit to split themselves; anyhow, that's the way I've found it.

Signor Torrini was the "Wonder of the World," 'cordin' to the bills, and I believe he *was* a pretty good hand, but I swow I couldn't see much in what he did. I knew where the bullet went to when he made believe to load 'em into a pistol for one of the audience to fire at him, and pretended to catch 'em in his mouth. It was me that stuffed the gold watches into the loaves of bread, and ironed out the ladies' and gentlemen's handkerchiefs, while he was pretending to turn them. It's queer what little things amuse the public. Sometimes I used to tell 'em so, when Signor Torrini had done one of his best tricks, but they only grinned and said: "How he does keep his countenance!" and "Aint he got a nerve!" or "What a cheek he's got!"

There was the hat trick. Then I was turned into Castle Garden for shelter, intending to stand in the entrance. The box-office was closed, and the doorkeeper had evidently gone home. I walked inside and found but one person—a man—in that vast auditorium. In a few minutes another man came in, and I was there to see what the effect would be on *me*, I'd like to know, when I knew very well where the second chicken went to?—and I don't know as I'd a thought much of it if he *had* rolled 'em into one, 'cept it was at dinner-time. Then there was the decapitated head, and the basket trick; and the magic cabinet, which was as stupid a thing as ever I see, and I ought to know, for wasn't I inside of it? And there was the floating head, and the woman sitting on nothing, and a heap more.

Wal, I see the mirrors and the false bottoms, let alone the legs of the decapitated head, and, consequently, I couldn't see nothin' in any of it.

There was only one thing in the whole performance that I ever *could* see anythin' in, and that was named on the bills "The wonderful mechanical man or automaton, a marvel of mechanical ingenuity and inventive skill, the result of twenty-five years' study and experiment."

I'll try and describe it to you as near as I can.

First of all there was a large box or pedestal for the figger to stand on, and containing the works, which was brought down off the stage and into the middle of the reserved seats. It had a winding-post on one side, that turned with a handle, to wind-up the machinery, and when it was wound up it made a whirring kind of a noise, which was the works running down. Then the automaton was brought down off the stage, carried upright by four men, and a pretty good load it was too. His feet were fastened to a round, wooden stand, like children's soldiers' stand, in which was a thread for the big screw on the top of the pedestal. When he was brought down he was hoisted up on top of the pedestal, and then turned round and round till he was screwed on. There were a lot of tubes, and wires, and levers connecting the figure with the box, and sticking out round it, which looked very curious, and, besides, showed the working parts. But a worse-finished figger no one ever see in front of a cigar store, and that's what made it more curious his doing what he did. About his neck and the back of his head the paint was wore off, showing the bare wood; and so it was on the point of his nose, which was splintered; and his hands, which were glued and cracked. Signor Torrini used to explain that this had occurred in packing, and that he would repair the injuries. But somehow it always did occur in packing, and the injuries never got repaired. Then, his complexion would have been a disgrace to any house-painter. It was glaring red and white, varnished, and done so badly that it looked as if you could see the grain of the wood through the paint. I often used to ask Signor Torrini why he didn't paint his automaton better, but he only grinned and said: "How precious green you are, aint you?"

Everybody who see it used to say: "How stupid of Signor Torrini, after making such a wonderful figure, not to have spent a few dollars in finishing it properly, instead of leaving it such a clumsy wooden scarecrow."

The newspapers, too, used to remark it. Here's a piece I cut out of one of 'em:

"Signor Torrini revivified our town with his interesting exhibition last week. He remarkably skilful feats of prestidigitation were the admiration of large and fashionable audiences. Since his last visit the professor of the magic art has added to the other attractions of his exhibition what he entitles 'The Wonderful Mechanical Man.' The performances of this automaton are really astonishing; but it quite belies its name. It might with more correctness be termed a figure, for it is so roughly constructed as to bear even less resemblance to humanity than the effigies which are seen in front of cigar stores. We cannot help thinking that if Signor Torrini would devote a little more pains to the finish of his wooden figure, and to concealing some of the cords and levers by which the life-like motions are too obviously conveyed to the limbs, the illusion would be rendered more complete."

Instead of bein' angry at readin' such notices, Signor Torrini always used to chuckle and slap me on the back, and want to know why I didn't laugh too.

"Because I don't see nothin' to laugh at," says I.

"Wal," says he, "you are a *cure*, you are, and the biggest I ever see."

But that figger only got worse, and more shabby and rickety the more that was said about it, until at last, whenever the men used to carry the automaton to his pedestal, one of his arms would drop off. The professor always said it was an unforeseen accident, and apologized for it. But it was an unforeseen accident that used regularly to happen every night, and get regularly apologized for. And one mighty curious thing was that the worse the figger was, and the more rickety he got, the more wonderful the people seemed to think his performances was.

Wal, when the mechanical man was screwed down on the pedestal, all ready to begin, Signor Torrini would commence a short lecture on the powers of the lever, the screw, the pulley, and the spiral-spring. Then he would go and wind up the machinery. It took a long time to wind, and made a great clatter, owing—the professor said—to the power of the spring. When it was all wound up, he would pull out a little knob on the side of the pedestal, and the whole concern would begin to go "C-r-r-r-r-r," and keep on going so all the time. The people could see the works going round through one side of the pedestal, which was of glass.

The professor would then strike sharply with his wand and pull a cord that worked the levers of the automaton's head.

"Wake, Amurio," says he, and Amurio, which was the wooden figger, begins to move his head, kind o' slow, from one side to the other. Then Signor Torrini would pull another string, and Amurio would open his eyes, very gradually, or quick, accordin' as the string was pulled. Then it would be: "Raise the right arm and solute the company," and the figger would do it; rather stiff and jerky, but still he could do it. This stiffness and jerkiness of the movements (and they were all like that) was what folks seemed most disposed to grumble at. "Can't you make him do it more easy and graceful?" they'd say. "Ladies and gentlemen," says the Signor, "what can you expect from machinery?" which generally settled 'em. Then he'd go on: "But to show you the command I have over the automaton when at a distance from it, I will now return to the stage, after simply pressing a spring in the figure's back, and sitting before the index-board connected with the figger, I'll enable him to put its abilities to the test." He sat at a small table in front of the stage, where there was a board like a checker-board, but covered all over with knobs. Then the folks was allowed to question the automaton. The figger did numbers and counting by slowly jerking up its right hand as many times as was needed. "Yes" and "No" he did with his head, by bending it for "Yes," and shaking it for "No;" and in this way he would tell fortunes and ages as natural as a learned pig, or one of them educated ponies they have in Astley's. He'd make out to answer most any question you could ask him, and, what was more surprising, he was most always right. It was really wonderful for machinery. Amurio used to finish by whirling his arms round like the sails of a windmill, and he'd keep on a-doin' it till the professor touched a knob and stopped the works, when his arms would remain sticking straight up, until a string was pulled to let 'em down, and even then they'd keep on a-swingin' backward and forward for a minute or two. Of course some people wasn't quite satisfied, and wanted the figger to do more; but the Signor always said it couldn't be done, not by machinery.

Wal, before my year was up, we had traveled pretty nigh all over the country, and worked back again through New England till we finally come back to Yarmouth, and there is where my tale begins. I was a dead agin goin' there at all—I told Signor Torrini so, and I tried to persuade him not to show the mechanical man there, anyhow; for, as I told him, there wasn't no good judges of machinery in our town. But it wasn't no use; he wouldn't listen to me, so we showed there, and the darned old automaton was exhibited the first night. We had

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

A. A. S.—1. We think there was such a steamer lost at some time during last Spring, but our files are at the date you name contain no record of it. 2. There is no recognized champion professional four-oared crew in America. 3. One mile, and also ten miles, Barlow. 4. A loses. As matter of fact, there is no champion athletic player of America, the strongest claimants to that rank being Sexton and Rudolphe. There is a nominal champion, but it is neither Sexton nor Rudolphe. 5. B is wrong as to the challenge. One of the parties has never challenged Sexton, and the other has never challenged him in good faith. Even when he did profess to challenge him (the "match" the challenger really sought had quietly been made before any challenge was issued), Sexton promptly accepted, whereupon it became necessary for the desired opponent to date his nominal "acceptance" back to "eight o'clock in the morning," to shut Sexton out. The latter had two weeks before issued a challenge to the world, which has never been accepted, and is still standing. But even this sweeping and unanswered challenge does not make Sexton the recognized champion, though it goes a long way towards doing so.

FRANCESON, Worcester.—"1. Two men are out, a man is on third and another on second, the striker hits to left field and runs for two bases, but the ball is fielded to second and he is put out. The two men ran home on the strike. The question is, do the runs count, as he was a third man out—one out on his strike—and as the runs were made on the strike? Please give the rule for above question. 2. Can a double play be made on a foul, according to amateur rules? 3. If a foul-fly is caught out in the field, and a man on third runs home as soon as it touches the fielder's hands, is that correct, or must he go back off the pitcher's base in the box? 4. The runs count, as the striker is not put out before reaching first base, and no one is forced off. 2. Yes, in this case. Suppose a foul-fly ball is caught by the pitcher, and the ball is at once awarded to the baseman, where a base-runner is, the base-runner having held the base until the ball was caught and then tried to get to the next base, and he be touched off the base. 3. Under the new rules he can run home the moment the foul fly ball is held.

REYNOLDS, Philadelphia.—The whole matter is so irregular and unbusinesslike that it will be difficult to satisfactorily answer your question. As you have engaged the two performers for a stated sum (not so much for each, but a fixed sum for both), the failure of one of them to appear breaks the contract; but as you permit one to continue and give a portion of the performances contracted for, you condone, in a measure, the fault of the other. Later you permit the offending party to reappear and perform, and under such a state of circumstances we think they can legally recover the full amount of salary claimed. When the case comes to be tried you will possibly get a verdict deduction from the amount on account of the conduct of the offending party. When one was unable to perform, you should not have allowed the other to perform, and then could have had no legitimate claim against you. Later

J. M., Montreal.—"Excelsiors at the bat; striker hits to short step, who fumbles the ball; striker reaches first base, and runs past the same to first base, but afterward attempted to return to the plea that he was intimidated. We believe the matter was finally arranged amicably.

E. L.—1. Watch our amusement columns. 2. The assigned player could not go along. 3. When those ladies wish to advertise themselves as married or single, they will doubtless do so.

ARCHITY.—1. Edwin Booth performed during the past season selections from his customary repertory, and in addition "Richard II." We have not space to enumerate them all. 2. Engelmann.

CONSTANT READER, Morris.—No. Except there is an agreement to the contrary, only that card can be trump, at seven up, which comes next after all the players have been served with three each, in running the cards.

CONSTANT READER, Fremont.—The international professional and amateur regatta at Philadelphia is to be held about the 4th of August, and Sept. 25. The precise dates have not yet been announced, if fixed.

OLD-BOY-IAN, Pittsburg.—If the sellers of your section of country are willing to allow it, why don't one or more of them issue a challenge, which might bring about a match?

J. R. L.—1. You are not too old to commence the dramatic profession. 2. It is not necessary to have an instructor. For other full instructions how to act, see answer to "Novice, Trenton," in our issue dated May 6, last.

CONSTANT READER, Laurel House.—As we understand your query, the best answer to it is that "American Hoyle," price 50 cents, gives a diagram showing the entire method of counting the game.

BOXIANA, Galveston.—Any player who is not called after having opened a jack pot can be required to show jacks or better. If he is not asked to make such a show, no one can pick up his hand and look at it.

H. S. L., Cambridge.—1. Goldsmith Maid's best time last year was 2:16. 2. This year no time at all, her efforts having been directed towards beating her 2:14 record, in which she had so nearly failed; and failure do not count.

CLOWN, Toledo.—It would be more proper for the gentleman to wait until he is invited to call; but, under some circumstances, it would not be a breach of etiquette for him to visit the lady.

DECLINED—"Alone in the World," "The Modern Stage," "An Eggs-traordinary Case," "The Yokes of Dizzy Acres," "Dear One of My Life," "There's no Strife in Number One," "Big Bull Frogs," "I Was So Very Obliging."

A SUBSCRIBER, Toledo.—1. Red Cloud, 2:18, 2. Gold Smith Maid, 2:14. 3. The brown gelding Vanity Fair has a record of 2:24¼ last year. Know nothing of the horse owned there.

JOE ELDER, Memphis.—"Is a base given on three balls considered a base-hit?.....Certainly not. Why should it be? If anything, it is rather a base by errors, though we do not count it so.

C. C., London.—Players in the field can take any position the captain assigns them. Therefore, there can be two catchers, and the first and third baseman can stand on fair or foul ground.

J. M. A. M., York.—Eggler is getting well. Geisner is in the Arlington Club. Boals is in California. Boyd is a keeper in the Brooklyn Penitentiary. All the others are in Philadelphia and vicinity.

J. F. S., Toronto.—We have a rule never to publish the amount of salary any particular performer receives, and we cannot answer your question without breaking that rule.

G. F., Dixon.—1. It is not likely that Sexton and Sexton will play in Chicago for some weeks to come. 2. That is a matter of opinion, and there is no need to give expression to our

WILLIAM DAVIS.—If no deception was used to induce the owner of the Jane to make the match, then the latter could not rightfully claim the stakes, nothing being said in the articles about length of boats or time allowance. He should have known what he was doing when he made the match.

C. E. S., Watertown.—The public debt of the United States was greatest in 1865, and on June 30 of that year it was $2,682,593,036.83.

EDWARD DEERFIELD, Ely.—1. Those books are no longer in print. 2. Joe Goss was born in 1838; the other man in 1852.

A CONSTANT READER, Cumberland.—John and Barney Diglin were born in Caldwell County, Pa.; James in this city.

BALL-TOSSER, Milford.—1. Sam Patch lost his life in jumping off the Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y. 2. Ben Mogan was born in the first election he had opportunity.

J. B., Baltimore.—1. He did not. 2. Morrissey fought thrice in the ring, defeating George Thompson, Yankee Sullivan and John C. Heenan. 3. No.

T. W. W., Syracuse.—It is not easy to fathom your meaning, and we do not keep track of the political antics of daily newspapers.

CLOCKSILY, Appleton.—The costumes worn by the members of the Kellogg English opera Company for the characters of Lionel and Plunkett in "Martha," were correct.

R. W. T., Detroit.—1. Lucille Golddust, 2:19¼, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1875. 2. Bodine, 2:19¾, East Saginaw, Mich., June 22.

T. A. B., Philadelphia.—John E. Owens, whose name appears in the advertisement you send, is the popular actor now before the public.

E. M., Selma.—We will bear you in mind when we receive credentials in September. Write again during the latter part of August.

STEAMBOAT, Washington.—Consult THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, obtainable through your newsdealer, for fifteen cents.

J. C. L., Wilkesbarre.—1. See answer to "Constant Reader, Fremont." 2. From $2 to $5, according to time and kind of train.

H. K., Worcester.—There is no race in France called (by the French people) the French Derby. That name has been applied by others.

SUBSCRIBER, Millerstown.—"Homi soit," etc., means "Evil to him who evil thinks." The language is Old French.

H. D., Cleveland.—The gentleman is an Englishman. The name he bears is his legal one, and he himself, if you write him, may inform you as to his original name.

J. C., New London.—Miss Rose Hersee is in England. A letter addressed to her in care of *The Era*, No. 49 Wellington street, Strand, London, Eng., should reach her.

F. F., Salt Lake City.—His name is George Vandenhoff, and his address is No. 106 West Forty-second street, New York.

NO SIGNATURE.—1. In England. 2. His father's naturalization renders the son a citizen. 3. The son, being born here, becomes at once a citizen.

GUS RIVERS, Philadelphia.—You cannot marry under those circumstances, and your disregard of the law might subject you to imprisonment for several years.

LENOX, Boston.—With us, it will not win a two-to-one bet. That is our rule. The score must be either 2 to 0 or 2 to 1.

THE SLOANS, Indiana.—The error occurs in "The Dime Baseball Book," and it is palpably a misprint of the first edition. The second is correct.

J. B., Philadelphia.—The Lamb won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in 1868 and 1871. We believe his owner, Edgar Wm. Fowler, died in 1872.

W. D. W., Phila.—We were under the impression that the old Reds were referred to. The Boston Club team, as a Boston organization, began play in 1871.

ANTONE, Baltimore.—Neither can win until after the next Presidential election. If Grant is not then elected, W. will win.

H. W. M., Washington.—He can be addressed in care of the Clarendon Hotel, this city. Have forwarded your communication.

J. P. H., Albany.—Glass-stainers could probably give you the address. Write to Gibson, Thirteenth street and Broadway, this city, stating what you want done.

FRANK, Portsmouth.—D stands for bound catch, and K for struck out.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—We have no knowledge of their whereabouts.

CLANDELLY, Courtland.—1. Not too old. 2. Not traveling at present.

F. Mc., Chicago.—Neither is right. Two hundred and eighty games are played. Every club plays in seventy.

P. D., Boston.—Your question, after having been called "forty," had to take in a trick before he could count them.

O. A., Marshall.—Mlle. Morlacchi is the wife of J. B. Omohundro, otherwise known as Texas Jack.

S. J.—The Orange riot on Eighth avenue, this city, occurred July 12, 1871.

CITY HALL, Worcester, Mass.—See our Aquatic department.

H. W. C., Titusville.—1. Four deuces beat four aces at poker dice. 2. No answers by mail or telegraph.

CONSTANT READER, Wakefield.—A is out on high and low. B's jack is useless.

H. E. S., Townsend.—You will have to send to Scotland for it.

FURY.—The list will be published in THE CLIPPER about the first of September.

CLIPPER READER, Cincinnati.—Most of the canes are imported from Germany.

CLARENDON, New Orleans.—It is not unlawful, nor is it sacrilegious.

S. & B., Cleveland.—We have no time to look up unfamiliar questions from Shakespeare.

C. W. S., Toronto.—Sig. Vallo, 439 N. 11th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

M. W. M., Washington.—Will endeavor to comply with your request.

A. B. L., Athens.—Read our California letter in our past issue.

INQUIRER, Georgetown.—Your statement of the facts concerning the scandal is correct.

H. C., Birmingham.—We have no back numbers left. Write to *The Daily Graphic* office.

CONSTANT READER, Aurora.—We do not publish a daily edition of THE CLIPPER.

SOME DISPUTANTS, Cincinnati.—Any geography will explain that.

H. A. D., Cleveland.—Letter for you in post-office, Cleveland.

H. L. S.—You can procure all information at the headquarters of the Board of Education, Grand street and Eighth.

J. J. G., Brooklyn.—The origin of Freemasonry is a subject upon which we can give no information.

HORRIS.—A is right. He can insist upon the cards being bunched.

F. A. S., Syracuse.—No answers by telegraph, neither can we say what salary Spalding draws.

VICTORIAN.—It will cost twenty cents to see the straddle. If the blind was five cents.

MEMPHIS.—The bet is off. Nothing but mutual consent could have continued it after the game had been postponed.

H. B. J.—At euchre, a player who is ordered up cannot go alone.

BET CIRCUS, Davenport.—He has his liberty, we believe, and is practicing in quiet obscurity.

F. A. P., St. Louis.—The three aces win. The three spades are valueless.

A. M. D., Chicago.—A failed to name four winners, and loses.

W. AND R., Wheeling.—If the bet was worded in that way, A loses.

POP, Washington.—1. The Central America was lost Sept. 12, 1857. 2. John Stewart trotted.

F. H. G.—1. No. 2. As soon as we know, you will find it published in our baseball department.

J. M. D., Durham.—John Bogan, in this city, gives such instruction. See his advertisement. No answers by mail.

BASEBALLIST, Blissfield.—Your query is not plain enough.

JACKSONVILLE.—The New Havens are not in the League.

J. R. B., Boston.—Such feat as never accomplished.

MOBILE, Alabama.—An assisted player cannot go alone.

TONY W., Chatham Village.—It will appear in good time.

HOSE 29, Brooklyn.—Yes; they will be in place.

READER OF THE CLIPPER.—General is the higher rank.

CONSTANT READER.—It is an oboe—pronounced o-bow.

JAMES M. RYAN.—The letter has already been claimed.

JACK, Philadelphia.—Bridle is now in the Boston team.

MEDLON, Madison.—H. W. Collender, 738 Broadway.

H. L. M., Waverly.—No horse has ever done either.

SQUARE, Philadelphia.—We could call out on cards.

R. L., Grand Rapids.—Official time is not taken.

JAMES J. CAMPBELL, Albion.—It is out of print.

H. F. F., Cincinnati.—Will answer next week.

J. W. Joe D. Sullivan is living, dead beaten Ned Baldwin and Richards, in England. The former ran a mile, put down bill, in 4:02. We think you are mistaken; but if you can show anything like the time you mention, you can win plenty of money.

J. E. C., Carindo.—"A batter has reached his second base and supposes the pitcher to have the ball. The pitcher, in order to cause the batsman to leave the base, which he was hugging closely, makes this ordinary motions to pitch the ball, thus causing the batsman to leave the base, when he is touched by the baseman, who all the while has the ball in his possession. Is the base-runner out, or is it a balk on the part of the pitcher, who has not, during all the time the ball is in his possession, delivered it? Can a pitcher make a motion to pitch the ball with his right hand when the ball is in his left, without its being declared a balk? 2. Answer any preparation which will harden the hands so as to lessen the pain in catching swift balls?".....1. It is plainly a balk. 2. No. 3. The best way is to wear gloved.

TRAINER, Binghamton.—Earned runs are intended solely as a criterion of the pitching, and therefore no other errors nor skill in base-running should be taken into the calculation. For instance, a batter reaches first base but he then successfully steals second and third, and runs home on a hit to right short, on which the striker only could have been put out. This is an earned run in one sense of the word, but not a one earned off the pitching. To be so, the man who led off with a first-base hit should be either sent to second on another such hit, and then again to third, or sent to second on a sacrifice or base hit, before chances for three outs are offered off the pitching.

L. G. L.—We do not think you are too old to commence the profession, considering the lines of business to which you aspire. As most of the managers are now in the city, it would be well for you to enlist the services of one of the dramatic agents, either in person or by letter, and apply to you to managers. They have a rule that they will not do business for amateurs; but, as you have had some experience on the regular stage, you had better explain that to them. Briefly what you have written to us, and also solicit an engagement. If you succeed, your salary will be sufficient to cover your expenses, and it will be increased thereafter.

C. H. P.—The following persons died upon the dates placed against their respective names: J. J. Prior, Toledo, May 1, 1876; Charles H. Saunders, Boston, Mass., July 15, 1876; D. D. Johnson, Philadelphia, July 24, 1876; E. B. Williams, New York, April 21, 1867; Harry Monroe, Chicago, Ill., June 23, 1875; S. Lake, Boston, July 28, 1859; George Aiken, Albany, Aug. 28, 1860; during the week ending April 29, 1876: E. Sanford, Providence, R. I., Feb. 16, 1860; W. Cowell, Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1868; John Flood, Philadelphia, March 2, 1868; Julia Pelby, Malden, Mass., Dec. 5, 1866; and Henry W. Lord, Boston, July 14, 1857.

FANF.—"In playing a game of baseball, where two men are put out, and the third man reaches third base on a clean hit, the fourth man strikes a fly ball, which the pitcher catches on the fly; the pitcher then sends the ball to third base, and also puts out that man, which, understand, makes four outs. Now, then, please inform us who is the first man to the home base, the striker on the third, fourth or fifth man?".....The fourth out at third does not count of course, and the player next to the third man out scores.

CITY POINT, So. Boston.—The time made by the Atalanta four-oared crew, in a three-mile race on Saratoga Lake last year, was 18:28¼, which up to that time was unequaled, and to do not believe it has been surpassed since, though a new row are reported to have covered the distance in 16:26 at the N. W. A. B. A. regatta at Toledo, O., this month; and the time given for the Right Philadelphia crew, when they easily won from the Faulkner-Reagan four at Providence, R. I., July 4 last, was 18:32.

S. D., Jacksonville.—"We wish you to decide a bet. A bets B that C cannot name four (4) States that Hayes will carry in November; C names them. Now C bets A that he can still name another. Must all the five States go for Hayes in order for C to win his bet?".....No. There are two bets. The first is dependent upon such feat as ever accomplished, and the second depends solely upon the fifth State named.

J. B., Boston.—1. Eliza Weathersby was born in London, Eng., in 1849. 2. Her father was not an actor. 3. We cannot say. 4. The eldest is a girl. Do not know her age. 5. Lotta was born in this city Nov. 7, 1847. 6. She first went on the stage in San Francisco, Cal., where her little child. 7. Paganini died in Nice, Italy, May 29, 1840. 8. We published a biography of Helen Western at the time of her coming to this country. 9. Elise and Jennie Weathersby are sisters.

HARRY LAWBOUT, South Bend.—1. Johnny Wilde's time in his ten-mile foot-race with "Conny" Farrell on Long Island, July 20, 1870, was 1h. 5m. 15s. 2. The best mile time on record, level ground, is 4:17¼, dead heat between Lang, Lacey and Richards, in England. The former ran a mile, part down hill, in 4:02. We think you are mistaken; but if you can show anything like the time you mention, you can win plenty of money.

J. E. C., Carindo.—"A batter has reached his second base and supposes the pitcher to have the ball. The pitcher, in order to cause the batsman to leave the base, which he was hugging closely, makes this ordinary motions to pitch the ball, thus causing the batsman to leave the base, when he is touched by the baseman, who all the while has the ball in his possession. Is the base-runner out, or is it a balk on the part of the pitcher, who has not, during all the time the ball is in his possession, delivered it? Can a pitcher make a motion to pitch the ball with his right hand when the ball is in his left, without its being declared a balk? 2. Answer any preparation which will harden the hands so as to lessen the pain in catching swift balls?".....1. It is plainly a balk. 2. No. 3. The best way is to wear gloved.

T. A. B., Philadelphia.—John E. Owens, whose name appears in the advertisement you send, is the popular actor now before the public.

E. M., Selma.—We will bear you in mind when we receive credentials in September. Write again during the latter part of August.

STEAMBOAT, Washington.—Consult THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, obtainable through your newsdealer, for fifteen cents.

J. C. L., Wilkesbarre.—1. See answer to "Constant Reader, Fremont." 2. From $2 to $5, according to time and kind of train.

H. K., Worcester.—There is no race in France called (by the French people) the French Derby. That name has been applied by others.

SUBSCRIBER, Millerstown.—"Honi soit," etc., means "Evil to him who evil thinks." The language is Old French.

H. D., Cleveland.—The gentleman is an Englishman. The name he bears is his legal one, and he himself, if you write him, may inform you as to his original name.

J. C., New London.—Miss Rose Hersee is in England. A letter addressed to her in care of *The Era*, No. 49 Wellington street, Strand, London, Eng., should reach her.

F. F., Salt Lake City.—His name is George Vandenhoff, and his address is No. 106 West Forty-second street, New York.

NO SIGNATURE.—1. In England. 2. His father's naturalization renders the son a citizen. 3. The son, being born here, becomes at once a citizen.

GUS RIVERS, Philadelphia.—You cannot marry under those circumstances, and your disregard of the law might subject you to imprisonment for several years.

LENOX, Boston.—With us, it will not win a two-to-one bet. That is our rule. The score must be either 2 to 0 or 2 to 1.

THE SLOANS, Indiana.—The error occurs in "The Dime Baseball Book," and it is palpably a misprint of the first edition. The second is correct.

J. B., Philadelphia.—The Lamb won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in 1868 and 1871. We believe his owner, Edgar Wm. Fowler, died in 1872.

W. D. W., Phila.—We were under the impression that the old Reds were referred to. The Boston Club team, as a Boston organization, began play in 1871.

ANTONE, Baltimore.—Neither can win until after the next Presidential election. If Grant is not then elected, W. will win.

H. W. M., Washington.—He can be addressed in care of the Clarendon Hotel, this city. Have forwarded your communication.

J. P. H., Albany.—Glass-stainers could probably give you the address. Write to Gibson, Thirteenth street and Broadway, this city, stating what you want done.

FRANK, Portsmouth.—D stands for bound catch, and K for struck out.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—We have no knowledge of their whereabouts.

CLANDELLY, Courtland.—1. Not too old. 2. Not traveling at present.

F. Mc., Chicago.—Neither is right. Two hundred and eighty games are played. Every club plays in seventy.

P. D., Boston.—Your question, after having been called "forty," had to take in a trick before he could count them.

O. A., Marshall.—Mlle. Morlacchi is the wife of J. B. Omohundro, otherwise known as Texas Jack.

S. J.—The Orange riot on Eighth avenue, this city, occurred July 12, 1871.

CITY HALL, Worcester, Mass.—See our Aquatic department.

R. W. C., Titusville.—1. Four deuces beat four aces at poker dice. 2. No answers by mail or telegraph.

CONSTANT READER, Wakefield.—A is out on high and low. B's jack is useless.

H. E. S., Townsend.—You will have to send to Scotland for it.

FURY.—The list will be published in THE CLIPPER about the first of September.

CLIPPER READER, Cincinnati.—Most of the canes are imported from Germany.

CLARENDON, New Orleans.—It is not unlawful, nor is it sacrilegious.

S. & B., Cleveland.—We have no time to look up unfamiliar questions from Shakespeare.

C. W. S., Toronto.—Sig. Vallo, 439 N. 11th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

M. W. M., Washington.—Will endeavor to comply with your request.

A. B. L., Athens.—Read our California letter in our past issue.

INQUIRER, Georgetown.—Your statement of the facts concerning the scandal is correct.

H. C., Birmingham.—We have no back numbers left. Write to *The Daily Graphic* office.

CONSTANT READER, Aurora.—We do not publish a daily edition of THE CLIPPER.

SOME DISPUTANTS, Cincinnati.—Any geography will explain that.

H. A. D., Cleveland.—Letter for you in post-office, Cleveland.

H. L. S.—You can procure all information at the headquarters of the Board of Education, Grand street and Eighth.

J. J. G., Brooklyn.—The origin of Freemasonry is a subject upon which we can give no information.

HORRIS.—A is right. He can insist upon the cards being bunched.

F. A. S., Syracuse.—No answers by telegraph, neither can we say what salary Spalding draws.

VICTORIAN.—It will cost twenty cents to see the straddle. If the blind was five cents.

MEMPHIS.—The bet is off. Nothing but mutual consent could have continued it after the game had been postponed.

H. B. J.—At euchre, a player who is ordered up cannot go alone.

BET CIRCUS, Davenport.—He has his liberty, we believe, and is practicing in quiet obscurity.

F. A. P., St. Louis.—The three aces win. The three spades are valueless.

A. M. D., Chicago.—A failed to name four winners, and loses.

W. AND R., Wheeling.—If the bet was worded in that way, A loses.

POP, Washington.—1. The Central America was lost Sept. 12, 1857. 2. John Stewart trotted.

F. H. G.—1. No. 2. As soon as we know, you will find it published in our baseball department.

J. M. D., Durham.—John Bogan, in this city, gives such instruction. See his advertisement. No answers by mail.

BASEBALLIST, Blissfield.—Your query is not plain enough.

JACKSONVILLE.—The New Havens are not in the League.

J. R. B., Boston.—Such feat as never accomplished.

MOBILE, Alabama.—An assisted player cannot go alone.

TONY W., Chatham Village.—It will appear in good time.

HOSE 29, Brooklyn.—Yes; they will be in place.

READER OF THE CLIPPER.—General is the higher rank.

CONSTANT READER.—It is an oboe—pronounced o-bow.

JAMES M. RYAN.—The letter has already been claimed.

JACK, Philadelphia.—Bridle is now in the Boston team.

MEDLON, Madison.—H. W. Collender, 738 Broadway.

H. L. M., Waverly.—No horse has ever done either.

SQUARE, Philadelphia.—We could call out on cards.

R. L., Grand Rapids.—Official time is not taken.

JAMES J. CAMPBELL, Albion.—It is out of print.

H. F. F., Cincinnati.—Will answer next week.

J. W. Joe D. Sullivan is living, dead beaten Ned Baldwin and Richards, in England. The former ran a mile, part down hill, in 4:02. We think you are mistaken; but if you can show anything like the time you mention, you can win plenty of money.

J. E. C., Carindo.—"A batter has reached his second base and supposes the pitcher to have the ball. The pitcher, in order to cause the batsman to leave the base, which he was hugging closely, makes this ordinary motions to pitch the ball, thus causing the batsman to leave the base, when he is touched by the baseman, who all the while has the ball in his possession. Is the base-runner out, or is it a balk on the part of the pitcher, who has not, during all the time the ball is in his possession, delivered it? Can a pitcher make a motion to pitch the ball with his right hand when the ball is in his left, without its being declared a balk? 2. Answer any preparation which will harden the hands so as to lessen the pain in catching swift balls?".....1. It is plainly a balk. 2. No. 3. The best way is to wear gloved.

T. A. B., Philadelphia.—John E. Owens, whose name appears in the advertisement you send, is the popular actor now before the public.

E. M., Selma.—We will bear you in mind when we receive credentials in September. Write again during the latter part of August.

STEAMBOAT, Washington.—Consult THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, obtainable through your newsdealer, for fifteen cents.

J. C. L., Wilkesbarre.—1. See answer to "Constant Reader, Fremont." 2. From $2 to $5, according to time and kind of train.

H. K., Worcester.—There is no race in France called (by the French people) the French Derby. That name has been applied by others.

SUBSCRIBER, Millerstown.—"Honi soit," etc., means "Evil to him who evil thinks." The language is Old French.

H. D., Cleveland.—The gentleman is an Englishman. The name he bears is his legal one, and he himself, if you write him, may inform you as to his original name.

J. C., New London.—Miss Rose Hersee is in England. A letter addressed to her in care of *The Era*, No. 49 Wellington street, Strand, London, Eng., should reach her.

F. F., Salt Lake City.—His name is George Vandenhoff, and his address is No. 106 West Forty-second street, New York.

NO SIGNATURE.—1. In England. 2. His father's naturalization renders the son a citizen. 3. The son, being born here, becomes at once a citizen.

GUS RIVERS, Philadelphia.—You cannot marry under those circumstances, and your disregard of the law might subject you to imprisonment for several years.

LENOX, Boston.—With us, it will not win a two-to-one bet. That is our rule. The score must be either 2 to 0 or 2 to 1.

THE SLOANS, Indiana.—The error occurs in "The Dime Baseball Book," and it is palpably a misprint of the first edition. The second is correct.

J. B., Philadelphia.—The Lamb won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in 1868 and 1871. We believe his owner, Edgar Wm. Fowler, died in 1872.

W. D. W., Phila.—We were under the impression that the old Reds were referred to. The Boston Club team, as a Boston organization, began play in 1871.

ANTONE, Baltimore.—Neither can win until after the next Presidential election. If Grant is not then elected, W. will win.

H. W. M., Washington.—He can be addressed in care of the Clarendon Hotel, this city. Have forwarded your communication.

J. P. H., Albany.—Glass-stainers could probably give you the address. Write to Gibson, Thirteenth street and Broadway, this city, stating what you want done.

FRANK, Portsmouth.—D stands for bound catch, and K for struck out.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—We have no knowledge of their whereabouts.

CLANDELLY, Courtland.—1. Not too old. 2. Not traveling at present.

F. Mc., Chicago.—Neither is right. Two hundred and eighty games are played. Every club plays in seventy.

P. D., Boston.—Your question, after having been called "forty," had to take in a trick before he could count them.

O. A., Marshall.—Mlle. Morlacchi is the wife of J. B. Omohundro, otherwise known as Texas Jack.

S. J.—The Orange riot on Eighth avenue, this city, occurred July 12, 1871.

CITY HALL, Worcester, Mass.—See our Aquatic department.

R. W. C., Titusville.—1. Four deuces beat four aces at poker dice. 2. No answers by mail or telegraph.

CONSTANT READER, Wakefield.—A is out on high and low. B's jack is useless.

H. E. S., Townsend.—You will have to send to Scotland for it.

FURY.—The list will be published in THE CLIPPER about the first of September.

CLIPPER READER, Cincinnati.—Most of the canes are imported from Germany.

CLARENDON, New Orleans.—It is not unlawful, nor is it sacrilegious.

S. & B., Cleveland.—We have no time to look up unfamiliar questions from Shakespeare.

C. W. S., Toronto.—Sig. Vallo, 439 N. 11th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

M. W. M., Washington.—Will endeavor to comply with your request.

A. B. L., Athens.—Read our California letter in our past issue.

INQUIRER, Georgetown.—Your statement of the facts concerning the scandal is correct.

H. C., Birmingham.—We have no back numbers left. Write to *The Daily Graphic* office.

CONSTANT READER, Aurora.—We do not publish a daily edition of THE CLIPPER.

SOME DISPUTANTS, Cincinnati.—Any geography will explain that.

H. A. D., Cleveland.—Letter for you in post-office, Cleveland.

H. L. S.—You can procure all information at the headquarters of the Board of Education, Grand street and Eighth.

J. J. G., Brooklyn.—The origin of Freemasonry is a subject upon which we can give no information.

HORRIS.—A is right. He can insist upon the cards being bunched.

F. A. S., Syracuse.—No answers by telegraph, neither can we say what salary Spalding draws.

VICTORIAN.—It will cost twenty cents to see the straddle. If the blind was five cents.

MEMPHIS.—The bet is off. Nothing but mutual consent could have continued it after the game had been postponed.

H. B. J.—At euchre, a player who is ordered up cannot go alone.

BET CIRCUS, Davenport.—He has his liberty, we believe, and is practicing in quiet obscurity.

F. A. P., St. Louis.—The three aces win. The three spades are valueless.

A. M. D., Chicago.—A failed to name four winners, and loses.

W. AND R., Wheeling.—If the bet was worded in that way, A loses.

POP, Washington.—1. The Central America was lost Sept. 12, 1857. 2. John Stewart trotted.

F. H. G.—1. No. 2. As soon as we know, you will find it published in our baseball department.

J. M. D., Durham.—John Bogan, in this city, gives such instruction. See his advertisement. No answers by mail.

BASEBALLIST, Blissfield.—Your query is not plain enough.

JACKSONVILLE.—The New Havens are not in the League.

J. R. B., Boston.—Such feat as never accomplished.

MOBILE, Alabama.—An assisted player cannot go alone.

TONY W., Chatham Village.—It will appear in good time.

HOSE 29, Brooklyn.—Yes; they will be in place.

READER OF THE CLIPPER.—General is the higher rank.

CONSTANT READER.—It is an oboe—pronounced o-bow.

JAMES M. RYAN.—The letter has already been claimed.

JACK, Philadelphia.—Bridle is now in the Boston team.

MEDLON, Madison.—H. W. Collender, 738 Broadway.

H. L. M., Waverly.—No horse has ever done either.

SQUARE, Philadelphia.—We could call out on cards.

R. L., Grand Rapids.—Official time is not taken.

JAMES J. CAMPBELL, Albion.—It is out of print.

H. F. F., Cincinnati.—Will answer next week.

J. W. Joe D. Sullivan is living, dead beaten Ned Baldwin and Richards, in England. The former ran a mile, part down hill, in 4:02. We think you are mistaken; but if you can show anything like the time you mention, you can win plenty of money.

J. E. C., Carindo.—"A batter has reached his second base and supposes the pitcher to have the ball. The pitcher, in order to cause the batsman to leave the base, which he was hugging closely, makes this ordinary motions to pitch the ball, thus causing the batsman to leave the base, when he is touched by the baseman, who all the while has the ball in his possession. Is the base-runner out, or is it a balk on the part of the pitcher, who has not, during all the time the ball is in his possession, delivered it? Can a pitcher make a motion to pitch the ball with his right hand when the ball is in his left, without its being declared a balk? 2. Answer any preparation which will harden the hands so as to lessen the pain in catching swift balls?".....1. It is plainly a balk. 2. No. 3. The best way is to wear gloved.

T. A. B., Philadelphia.—John E. Owens, whose name appears in the advertisement you send, is the popular actor now before the public.

E. M., Selma.—We will bear you in mind when we receive credentials in September. Write again during the latter part of August.

STEAMBOAT, Washington.—Consult THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, obtainable through your newsdealer, for fifteen cents.

J. C. L., Wilkesbarre.—1. See answer to "Constant Reader, Fremont." 2. From $2 to $5, according to time and kind of train.

H. K., Worcester.—There is no race in France called (by the French people) the French Derby. That name has been applied by others.

SUBSCRIBER, Millerstown.—"Honi soit," etc., means "Evil to him who evil thinks." The language is Old French.

H. D., Cleveland.—The gentleman is an Englishman. The name he bears is his legal one, and he himself, if you write him, may inform you as to his original name.

J. C., New London.—Miss Rose Hersee is in England. A letter addressed to her in care of *The Era*, No. 49 Wellington street, Strand, London, Eng., should reach her.

F. F., Salt Lake City.—His name is George Vandenhoff, and his address is No. 106 West Forty-second street, New York.

NO SIGNATURE.—1. In England. 2. His father's naturalization renders the son a citizen. 3. The son, being born here, becomes at once a citizen.

GUS RIVERS, Philadelphia.—You cannot marry under those circumstances, and your disregard of the law might subject you to imprisonment for several years.

LENOX, Boston.—With us, it will not win a two-to-one bet. That is our rule. The score must be either 2 to 0 or 2 to 1.

THE SLOANS, Indiana.—The error occurs in "The Dime Baseball Book," and it is palpably a misprint of the first edition. The second is correct.

J. B., Philadelphia.—The Lamb won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in 1868 and 1871. We believe his owner, Edgar Wm. Fowler, died in 1872.

W. D. W., Phila.—We were under the impression that the old Reds were referred to. The Boston Club team, as a Boston organization, began play in 1871.

ANTONE, Baltimore.—Neither can win until after the next Presidential election. If Grant is not then elected, W. will win.

H. W. M., Washington.—He can be addressed in care of the Clarendon Hotel, this city. Have forwarded your communication.

J. P. H., Albany.—Glass-stainers could probably give you the address. Write to Gibson, Thirteenth street and Broadway, this city, stating what you want done.

FRANK, Portsmouth.—D stands for bound catch, and K for struck out.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—We have no knowledge of their whereabouts.

CLANDELLY, Courtland.—1. Not too old. 2. Not traveling at present.

F. Mc., Chicago.—Neither is right. Two hundred and eighty games are played. Every club plays in seventy.

P. D., Boston.—Your question, after having been called "forty," had to take in a trick before he could count them.

O. A., Marshall.—Mlle. Morlacchi is the wife of J. B. Omohundro, otherwise known as Texas Jack.

S. J.—The Orange riot on Eighth avenue, this city, occurred July 12, 1871.

CITY HALL, Worcester, Mass.—See our Aquatic department.

R. W. C., Titusville.—1. Four deuces beat four aces at poker dice. 2. No answers by mail or telegraph.

CONSTANT READER, Wakefield.—A is out on high and low. B's jack is useless.

H. E. S., Townsend.—You will have to send to Scotland for it.

FURY.—The list will be published in THE CLIPPER about the first of September.

CLIPPER READER, Cincinnati.—Most of the canes are imported from Germany.

CLARENDON, New Orleans.—It is not unlawful, nor is it sacrilegious.

S. & B., Cleveland.—We have no time to look up unfamiliar questions from Shakespeare.

C. W. S., Toronto.—Sig. Vallo, 439 N. 11th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

M. W. M., Washington.—Will endeavor to comply with your request.

A. B. L., Athens.—Read our California letter in our past issue.

INQUIRER, Georgetown.—Your statement of the facts concerning the scandal is correct.

H. C., Birmingham.—We have no back numbers left. Write to *The Daily Graphic* office.

CONSTANT READER, Aurora.—We do not publish a daily edition of THE CLIPPER.

SOME DISPUTANTS, Cincinnati.—Any geography will explain that.

H. A. D., Cleveland.—Letter for you in post-office, Cleveland.

H. L. S.—You can procure all information at the headquarters of the Board of Education, Grand street and Eighth.

J. J. G., Brooklyn.—The origin of Freemasonry is a subject upon which we can give no information.

HORRIS.—A is right. He can insist upon the cards being bunched.

F. A. S., Syracuse.—No answers by telegraph, neither can we say what salary Spalding draws.

VICTORIAN.—It will cost twenty cents to see the straddle. If the blind was five cents.

MEMPHIS.—The bet is off. Nothing but mutual consent could have continued it after the game had been postponed.

H. B. J.—At euchre, a player who is ordered up cannot go alone.

BET CIRCUS, Davenport.—He has his liberty, we believe, and is practicing in quiet obscurity.

F. A. P., St. Louis.—The three aces win. The three spades are valueless.

A. M. D., Chicago.—A failed to name four winners, and loses.

W. AND R., Wheeling.—If the bet was worded in that way, A loses.

POP, Washington.—1. The Central America was lost Sept. 12, 1857. 2. John Stewart trotted.

F. H. G.—1. No. 2. As soon as we know, you will find it published in our baseball department.

J. M. D., Durham.—John Bogan, in this city, gives such instruction. See his advertisement. No answers by mail.

BASEBALLIST, Blissfield.—Your query is not plain enough.

JACKSONVILLE.—The New Havens are not in the League.

J. R. B., Boston.—Such feat as

tween Thomas Crane's r. g. Gideon, and W. Gallagher's b. g. Blind Boy, which the former won in four heats, Blind Boy taking the second heat, but getting distanced in the fourth; time, 2:40¾, 2:48, 2:46½, 3:00. The third match was between G. Walker's b. m. Lady Annie and J. Splan's b. g. Basil Duke for $50, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. Basil Duke won the first heat in 2:39, and Lady Annie the next three heats and the race, 2:37½, 2:39¾, 2:39. The fourth and last match was between Asa Whitson's g. m. Madge and Mr. Davidson' g. g. Uncle Joe for $100, mile heats, in harness. Madge won in two heats; time, 2:50, 2:50½.

A sweepstakes of $150 was trotted on Saturday, July 15, between G. Walker's b. m. Lady Annie, to wagon, J. Splan's r. g. Basil Duke, to wagon, and T. Crane's r. g. St. George, in harness. Basil Duke was the favorite at first, but, even after he won the first heat in 2:40, the backers of Lady Annie mustered so strongly that she sold even against the field. She won the next three heats and the race cleverly in 2:38, 2:34, 3:36½.

RACING AT CHICAGO.

On the fourth and last day of the running meeting at Dexter Park, Chicago, Ill., July 7, the race for the three-year-old sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, with $300 added, one mile and a half, attracted a great deal of interest among the turfmen of the West. The contestants were P. M. West's Preston, T. G. Moore's Waddil (formerly Bazar), S. H. Jones' Springfield, P. M. Lilly's b. f. by imp Phaeton, S. H. Jones' c. f. by Monarchist, J. W. Gitten's Maud Lyon, and T. O. Bannon's Maggie. Preston was the favorite, selling for $25; Waddil, $16; and the field, $8. The struggle was confined to Preston and Waddil, the former winning a capital race in 2:41¾; Springfield a bad third. Waddil is the colt who, at the Lexington Spring meeting, after winning a mile and an eighth race, drove Aristides home in the two miles and a half race in 4:27½, the fastest time on record at the distance. He was immediately after purchased by Capt. Moore for $3,000 to take to California, and he ran him at Dexter Park, while en route to the Pacific coast. The second race was for a purse of $600, two miles and repeat, and had five starters: Council Bluffs (formerly Newbern), Brakesman, War Jig, Vicksburg and Pompey's Pillar. The last-named horse was distanced in the first heat, and Vicksburg in the second heat. Brakesman won the first heat in 3:37½, and Council Bluffs the second, third, and the race in 2:43, 2:47. The next race was a steeplechase, for a purse of $600, and was won by M. Welch's old horse Captain Hutchinson, beating Red Cloud (second), Scotland Bonnie, and Dempsey Smith (third) in 4:58. The last race, the Consolation Purse of $150, for horses that had not won at the meeting, one mile and repeat, was won by Ed. Harrison's Falmouth, in three heats, beating Lady Malcolm (who won the first heat in 1:47), and Buckle's filly, Buckle's Sister; time, 1:50, 1:52½. In this race Lady Malcolm was a big favorite, selling for $100; Buckle's filly, $25; and the winner, $16. The meeting proved very successful.

AT MYSTIC PARK, Boston, the second Summer trotting meeting for New England horses commenced on July 11. The purse of $300 for horses that had never beaten 2:50, $150 to the first, $70 to the second, $45 to the third and $35 to the fourth, had six starters. It was won in four heats by H. Woodruff's r. m. Delightful, beating Iron Age (who won the third heat in 2:41), Tartar, George Mann, Jessie Templeton and Daniel; time, 2:36¾, 2:39, 2:41½. On the second day the purse of $600, for horses of the 2:27 class, was won by J. A. Williams' c. g. Charley Mack in five heats, beating Flora Belle (who won the second and fourth heats in 2:27¾, 2:28¼), Maggie S., King William, Sheppard Knapp, Henry Chase, and Sir William Wallace. Time, 2:27¼, 2:28¾, 2:29. A sweepstakes of $100 each, $200 was won by J. Ramsey's b. g. Boy George in seven heats, beating Lady Lawrence (who won the second and third heats in 2:40¾, 2:43), Jim Fisk (who won the first and fourth heats in 2:43, 2:43), and Rena G.; time, 2:44, 2:42, 2:43. This race was carried over for decision until next day, when it was finished as above.

TROTTING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—Two trots came off at Brightwood Park, Washington, D. C., on July 7. The first was a match against time, Isaac Woodruff having wagered $100 that his c. s. Auburn Horse could trot a mile to wagon and beat 3min. In his first trial he trotted in 3:15, but won the match at his second, trotting each in 3:06. The same day a purse of $300, mile heats, three in five, was trotted for, and again did Auburn Horse prove the victor, beating Ned Buckley, Jersey Boy, and Butcher Boy. Ned Buckley won the first and third heats in 2:43, 2:38, and Auburn Horse the second, fourth and fifth heats and the race in 2:40¾, 2:40½, 2:42.

A MATCH for $200, mile and repeat, to wagon, was trotted at Springfield Driving Park, Queens Co., L. I., on July 11, between L. Pettit's c. g. Jamaica Boy (pacer) and Ben Lane's b. h. Sam (trotter). The pacer proved too much for his opponent, and won both heats easily in 3:00, 3:01¾. The same day a purse for all horses, mile heats, three in five, in harness, was won by A. H. Hendrickson's gr. g. Deception in three straight heats, beating W. Pettit's b. m. Sophia, and L. S. Sammis' bk. h. Black Horse. Time, 3:02, 3:02, 3:01. Black Horse was distanced in the second heat.

THE FASHION STUD SALE.—The sale of trotting-horses belonging to Mr. Henry A. Smith, proprietor of the Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton, N. J., took place on July 6. There was a large attendance of buyers, and good prices were realized. The yearling colt by Jay Gould out of Lucy was sold to Mr. Chas. Kerne for $625, the same gentleman also purchasing a yearling brown colt by Gen. Knox, dam Lady Wilkins by American Star, for $830. A two-year-old colt by Jay Gould out of Idol was sold to Mr. C. McFadden of Philadelphia for $710. The twenty-seven head sold realized $8,905, or an average of $366.80 per head.

MATCH FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.—A trotting match for $5,000 a side, play or pay, has been made between Palmer & Morgan's bay filly Happy Dream and Mr. Charles Bachman's chestnut colt by Messenger Duroc, dam Green Mountain Maid, and consequently a full brother to Prospero. Both are foals of 1876, and there is but a few days difference in their ages. Happy Dream is by Happy Medium, dam Lady Duval, and therefore a full sister to Happy Thought. The race will be trotted in their three-year-old form, probably in September, 1879.

THE DERBY OF 1878.—Mr. Sanford has entered for the English Derby of 1878 a colt by Glenelg, dam La Polka, and a colt by the same sire, dam Niagara. He has also entered for the Oaks Stakes a filly by Maywood, dam Darling, and a filly by Glenelg, dam Ultra. All the above were purchased by Mr. Sanford's sale by Mr. Cammack, whose retirement from the turf we announced last week, Mr. Sanford taking back the colts and fillies at the prices they were purchased at.

THE LIVERPOOL CUP RACE took place at Liverpool, Eng., July 13, and was won by John Danby's b. h. Colambo, or The Miner, out of Lady Caroline, 5 years, 124lb; T. T. Drake's br. c. Professor, by Lecturer out of Viola, 3 years, 85lb, second; J. Osborne's b. f. Mintdrop, by Lozenge out of Minaret, 4 years, 98lb. Nine ran.

TROTTING MATCHES.—The president of the Chester Park Association, Mr. Geo. Stone, has matched his bay mare Lady Chester to trot a series of races—two-mile heats, three-mile heats, five-mile dash and ten-mile dash—against S. Wunder's Blossom, for $1,000; all to come off in one week at Chester Park, Pa.

DEATH OF FANNY CHEATHAM.—This once celebrated race mare, the property of Gen. W. G. Harding of the Bell's Head Farm, Ky., died suddenly on the 3d inst., since which time the place has remained closed. It was at "Shady's" that Aaron Jones trained for his mill with McCoole in 1867, and Johnny Keating for his brush with Hollihood the following year. Mace also stopped with him for a short time, just before his last meeting with Coburn. "Shady" was well known in sporting circles, and will be missed.

PETER ADAIR, the athlete, arrived at Liverpool, Eng., from Boston, Mass., per steamship Batavia, on July 4, after a pleasant voyage. In a letter before us he sends regards to friends in New York and elsewhere.

YOUNG KEENAN AND YOUNG COLLINS, another brace of Philadelphia scrappers, are matched to mill for $300 a side, within three weeks, no date having yet been made known. Matters itstic are looming up in Philly.

KEENAN AND TOWNEY, both sports well and favorably known, have joined hands in the saloon business on Hudson street, a few doors above Broome, this city. An old-fashioned free and easy constitutes one of the attractions.

JOHNNY DWYER returned from his trip to the land of the Puritans on the 8th inst., and desires us to publicly return his thanks to the sports of Boston, Worcester, and Lawrence, Mass., and Providence, R. I., whose kind attentions and open-hearted hospitality enabled him to enjoy himself so immensely while away.

JOE GOSS continues to progress favorably with his training at the Forest Home, near Cincinnati, O., and attracts numbers of visitors to the place, particularly on Sundays.

WE HAVE letters for James Mace and Sam Collyer.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.
LEAGUE CLUBS.

July 18, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.
July 18, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis, Mo.
July 19, Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia, Pa.
July 20, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 20, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.
July 20, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis, Mo.
July 22, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.
July 22, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.
July 25, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.
July 25, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis, Mo.
July 27, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis, Mo.
July 27, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.
July 29, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.
July 29, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis, Mo.

July 18, Mutual vs. Defiance, at Camden, N. J.
July 18, Quickstep vs. Astor, at Hoboken, N. J.
July 18, Mutual (League) vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny, Pa.
July 18, Harlem vs. Chatham, at Hoboken, N. J.
July 19, Orange vs. Mutual, of New York, at Orange, N. J.
July 18, Chelsea vs. Hoboken, at Brooklyn.
July 19, Resolute vs. Contest, at Brooklyn.
July 19, Staten Island vs. Cresent, at Plainfield, N. J.
July 19, Hudson vs. Arlington, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 19, Our Boys vs. Star, at Hartford, Ct.
July 20, Quickstep vs. Alert, at Hoboken, N. J.
July 20, Hartford vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny, Pa.
July 20, Our Boys vs. Goodwill, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 20, Manhattanville vs. Olympic, at Paterson, N. J.
July 20, Hudson vs. Keystone, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 21, Chelsea vs. Arlington, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 21, Enterprise vs. Allen, at Jersey City, N. J.
July 21, Quickstep vs. Alpha, at Harlem, N. Y.
July 22, Athletic vs. New Haven, at Philadelphia, Pa.
July 22, Quickstep vs. Baxter, at New York.
July 22, Nameless vs. Osceola, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 22, Chatham vs. Orange, at Orange, N. J.
July 22, Athletic vs. Lafayette, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 22, Crescent vs. Stationers, at Plainfield.
July 22, Our Boys vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 22, Madison vs. Hudson, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 22, Putnam vs. Eureka, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 22, Eneida vs. Lafayette, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 22, Eckford vs. Oxford, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 22, Winona vs. Staten Island, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 24, Quickstep vs. Our Boys, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 24, Athletic vs. New Haven, at Philadelphia, Pa.
July 25, Mutual vs. Witoka, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 25, Enterprise vs. Jackson, at Elizabeth, N. J.
July 25, Resolute vs. Lafayette, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 26, Quickstep vs. Hague, at New York.

THE CLOSE OF THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

What the St. Louis nine can do when they one and all put their shoulders to the wheel and go in to win, was shown in St. Louis during the past week, in the contests between the Brown and the Dark Blues, Pearce's Brown Stocking team doing things up brown to the tune of putting out the strong Hartford nine in *seven successive innings, without their being able to score a solitary run.* The fact is unprecedented in the annals of ball-playing. The victories over the Boston Reds by the Chicago Whites, coupled with the defeats sustained by the Hartfords in St. Louis, give the Chicago nine a long lead in the pennant race, and the Hartfords will have to work very hard to be able to get as near to the Whites as they were before they visited St. Louis. Up to Saturday the Chicagos led the Hartfords by 29 to 24 in won games, and by 7 to 9 in defeats sustained. Hartford will probably win a game on the 17th at Cincinnati, leaving the record at 29 to 25. The lesson taught by the St. Louis victories over Hartford the past week is that it is not safe to judge the St. Louis nine's work by what they did in Hartford, any more than it was to estimate their ability to whip Chicago by their contests in Cincinnati in April last. What they can do when they go in to win is one thing; what they have done and will do again is quite another. The play of the St. Louis team of last week was such as would make the Bostons betting men tremble at their chances of success in backing up the Whites against the Browns in the coming contests. The two clubs, we notice, play the Louisville and Cincinnati nines on their own respective fields again this July, but the Browns and the Whites do not meet again until August. Cincinnati stock is quoted at a heavy discount, especially since the Mutuals defeated them, the latter nine having been badly punished in Chicago, St. Louis and Louisville. The Cincinnati management have taken advantage of circumstances to secure the services of Hicks, Matthews and Hallinan for 1877; so from present appearances there will be no Mutual nine next year—at least, not such as there has been. Louisville and Boston may be said to be fighting for fourth position. It is strange how a nine who have won such fine work as the Louisvilles team have should not be nearer the leading nine in the pennant race than they are. The next two weeks' play will probably tell better on the record.

The League-pennant record to July 16, inclusive, is as follows:

	Athletic	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Hartford	Louisville	Mutual	St. Louis	Games Won	Games Played	Games to Play
Athletic		1	1	4	0	2	3	0	11	36	
Boston	5		0	3	1	3	3	1	17	36	
Chicago	5	6		4	3	4	5	2	29	36	
Cincinnati	2	0	3		1	3	4	1	19	36	
Hartford	4	4	3	4		3	4	2	24	36	
Louisville	4	4	0	3	1		3	1	16	39	
Mutual	1	1	1	2	1	3		1	14	35	
St. Louis	6	3	2	5	0	3	4		22	35	
Games lost	24	19	7	29	9	20	20	12	140	286	
Drawn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	

Actual games played, including ties, 146.

A summary of the above shows the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

Clubs.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Clubs.*	*Won.*	*Lost.*
Chicago	29	7	Mutual	14	30
Hartford	24	9	Athletic	11	24
St. Louis	23	12	Cincinnati	6	29
Boston	17	19			
Louisville	16	20	Total	140	140

EAST vs. WEST.

The second tour of the League club nines has ended, and, unlike that of the first, the West come out the victors. The close of the Eastern tour left the contesting sections even, with a record of 24 won games for each section. The end of the Western tour, however, leaves the vantage-ground in the hands of the West by a record of 27 victories to 18, making the grand total at 51 to 42, or nine games won in favor of the West. This leaves some up-hill work to attend to for the Eastern nines on the occasion of the next Eastern tour of the Western teams, which is to take place in August.

The record of the tour, showing the games won and lost by the clubs of each section, and the total scores made each week by each club and their opponents, is as follows:

FIRST WEEK.

West.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Score.*	East.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Score.*
Chicago	3	0	25	2	Hartford	1	3
St. Louis	3	0	17	5	Boston	3	0
Louisville	1	2	12	13	Athletic	0	3
Cincinnati	0	3	19	30	Mutual	0	3
Totals	7	5	73	56	Totals	5	7

SECOND WEEK.

Chicago	2	1	30	26	Hartford	2	0
St. Louis	2	0	15	1	Boston	2	1
Louisville	1	2	13	21	Athletic	1	1
Cincinnati	0	2	8	18	Mutual	0	2
Totals	5	5	66	66	Totals	5	5

THIRD WEEK.

Chicago	1	2	11	12	Hartford	2	1
St. Louis	1	2	16	14	Boston	2	1
Louisville	2	0	16	7	Athletic	2	1
Cincinnati	2	1	15	13	Mutual	0	2
Totals	6	5	58	46	Totals	5	6

FOURTH WEEK.

Chicago	3	0	44	10	Hartford	0	3
St. Louis	3	0	7	0	Boston	1	10
Louisville	1	2	22	15	Mutual	3	0
Cincinnati	0	3	13	29	Athletic	1	2
Totals	8	4	86	54	Totals	4	8

The batting and pitching record for the last week of the tour is shown in the appended table:

BATTING.

WEST.	*B. Hits.*	*E. Runs.*	EAST.	*B. Hits.*	*E. Runs.*
Chicago	18	4	Hartford	4	0
St. Louis	5	0	Boston	13	2
Louisville	15	2	Mutual	5	0
Cincinnati	2	1	Athletic	8	2
Totals	40	9	Totals	33	2

THURSDAY'S PLAY.

Chicago	18	Hartford	5
St. Louis	3	Boston	7
Louisville	15	Mutual	15
Cincinnati	9	Athletic	7
Totals	47	Totals	34

SATURDAY'S PLAY.

Chicago	19	Hartford	0
St. Louis	5	Boston	5
Louisville	11	Mutual	17
Cincinnati	13	Athletic	13
Totals	49	Totals	35

West—Total base-hits, 136; earned runs, 33. East—Total base-hits, 102; earned runs, 16.

A summary of the above shows the lead obtained by the West through their victories of the last week of the tour:

FIRST WEEK.

	Won.	*Lost.*		*Won.*	*Lost.*
Western	7	5	Eastern	5	7
			SECOND WEEK.		
Western	5	5	Eastern	5	5
			THIRD WEEK.		
Western	6	5	Eastern	5	6
			FOURTH WEEK.		
Western	9	3	Eastern	3	9
Totals	27	18	Totals	18	27

This week the Louisvilles play three games in Chicago, and the Cincinatis play three in St. Louis. The probable result will be to give Chicago a still better lead than they now have, and to place St. Louis temporarily in the second position, as the Hartfords have no League games on for this week. In this section Boston will play the Athletics on the 19th and the Mutuals on the 20th.

THE ST. LOUIS REDS.

This club of regular Western players completed their first tour last week, and the result is shown in the following creditable record of single figure games:

St. Louis Reds vs. Capital City, at Indianapolis, Ind 1 to 0
St. Louis Reds vs. Buckeye, at Columbus, O. 2 " 1
St. Louis Reds vs. Buckeye, at Columbus, O. 4 " 3
St. Louis Reds vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny, Pa. 4 " 5
St. Louis Reds vs. Capital City, at Indianapolis, Ind 6 " 3
St. Louis Reds vs. Juniata, at Hollidaysburg, Pa. 7 " 3
St. Louis Reds vs. Braddock, at Pittsburg, Pa. 7 " 5
St. Louis Reds vs. Active, at Reading, Pa. 7 " 0
St. Louis Reds vs. Buckeye, at Columbus, O. 8 " 0
St. Louis Reds vs. Neshannock, at New Castle, Pa. 10 " 4
St. Louis Reds vs. Philadelphia, at Phila. Pa. 10 " 5
St. Louis Reds vs. Neshannock, at New Castle, Pa. 12 " 8
St. Louis Reds vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny, Pa. 12 " 8
St. Louis Reds vs. Mountain City, at Altoona, Pa. 15 " 3

Victories, 10; defeats, 4; tie games, 1.

REDS vs. MEMPHIS.

The Red Stockings and Memphis Clubs played a game at Olympic Park, Memphis, Tenn., on the 12th inst. Considerable interest was manifested in the result, as unexpectedly, on the 4th inst., the Memphis boys had "put it on" to the Reds, and it was anticipated that the game on the 12th would show a different result, which expectation was realized. Owing to the rain the game was called at the conclusion of the fifth inning. There is much rivalry existing between the two clubs.

REDS.	R.	MEMPHIS.	R.
Oran, c. f.	0	Ellick, c.	0
Brookshaw, 3d b.	1	Leech, p.	0
Luff, 1st b.	1	Meath, c. f.	0
Clinton, p.	1	Boro, 2d b.	0
Maher, r. f.	0	Proctor, 1st b.	0
Dyler, l. f.	0	Jackson, s. s.	0
Moore, c.	0	Nicholson, r. f.	0
Rapp, s. s.	0	W. Jones, 3d b.	0
Raja, s. s.	0	F. Jones, l. f.	1
Total	3	Total	2

Reds.....0 0 0 3 0—3
Memphis.....0 0 2 0 0—2

Runs earned—Memphis, 2. First base by errors—Reds, 1; Memphis, 1. Balls called—on Clinton, 6; on Leech, 4. Strikes called—from Clinton, 25; from Leech, 17. Struck out—Walker, Maher, Moore and Raja of the Reds; and Boro, Meath and Nicholson of the Memphis. Umpire, James Meath of the Eckford Club. Time, 1h. 15m.

ARLINGTON vs. UNION.—At Jersey City, N. J., on July 15, the Unions of Newark met the Arlingtons of New York and gave them a hard job to carry the day by even one run:

Arlington	0	1	4	0	0	0	0	2	0—7
Union	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	3	0—7

LOUISVILLE vs. ATHLETIC.

About three hundred persons witnessed the Athletics and Louisvilles contend for supremacy at Louisville, Ky., July 13. The weather was pleasant, and a much larger attendance was anticipated, and unless an improvement is evident in that respect few Eastern clubs will care to be at the expense of visiting Louisville when the gate receipts are so very small. The Louisvilles had an easy victory on this occasion, outplaying their opponents at all points. A couple of fine two-basers by Devlin and Allison earned a couple of runs for the Louisvilles at the outset, and they made four more after Hall's miss of a foul fly had lost the chance of retiring the third hand. This long lead apparently demoralized the Athletics, and they failed to do anything at the bat or in the field to redeem themselves, with the exception of the fifth inning, when, by a streak of heavy hitting, they "slogged" away until five runs were added to their credit on six clean hits, a bad miss by Hague, however, preventing any from being earned. The poor playing of Force gave the Louisvilles two more singles, and they made three more on their safe hits and Devlin's error. The batting of Ryan, Devlin and Allison was excellent, each making a two-baser.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	Is.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, l. f.	4	1	1	5	0	1
Force, s. s.	4	0	0	1	4	1
Fisler, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	3	1
Meyerle, 3b.	5	0	2	3	2	1
Button, 1st b.	4	0	0	9	0	0
Knight, c. f.	4	1	1	4	0	0
Malone, c.	3	1	1	1	1	1
Coons, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Zettlein, p.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Totals	36	3	6	27	12	11

LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	Is.	PO.	A.	E.
Gerhardt, 1b	5	1	0	14	0	0
Devlin, p.	5	1	3	0	2	0
Hague, 3d b.	5	0	0	1	0	1
Allison, r. f.	5	1	3	0	0	0
Hastings, c. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Fulmer, s. s.	5	2	1	2	5	1
Somerville, 2b	5	1	1	4	5	0
Snyder, c.	5	3	3	1	1	0
Ryan, f.	4	1	2	3	5	0
Totals	45	11	14	27	14	2

Louisville.....0 0 0 0 5 0 0—5
Athletic.....0 0 0 0 3 0 0—3

Runs earned—Louisville, 2. First base by errors—Louisville, 6; Athletic, 2. Double-play—Zettlein, Fisler and Sutton. Umpire, George Seward of the New Haven Club. Time, 2h.

On the 16th inst. the Athletics succeeded in partly paying back the Louisvilles for their previous defeats, the batting being the heaviest ever witnessed in that locality. The Louisvilles made all of their runs in two innings, errors of Coons, Meyerle and Fisler and safe hits by Hague and Hastings giving two runs in the former, and Ryan, after a splendid hit to left centre, in the fifth inning, making a clean home-run and sending home Somerville and Snyder, who had previously made clean hits—three runs thus being earned. It is a curious coincidence that in the three games in Louisville between these two nines, Ryan each game made a big hit that materially changed the complexion of affairs at the time being, twice sending home three men and once two men. Safe hits by Hall and Force and a passed ball by Snyder yielded the Athletics an unearned run in the first inning. They then earned single runs in the third and fifth innings by Meyerle's three-bagger and Hall's home-run, the latter hitting the ball over the right-field fence. In the eighth inning the Athletics, by heavy batting, made five earned runs, Sutton making a clean home-run, doubles and singles being credited to Meyerle, Knight, Malone, Zettlein and Force. This gave the Athletics a creditable victory.

ATHLETIC.	R.	Is.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	R.	Is.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, l. f.	2	3	2	0	0	Gerhardt, 1st b.	0	0	15	0	1
Force, s. s.	0	1	2	2	2	Devlin, p.	0	1	0	4	0
Fisler, 2d b.	0	1	4	3	1	Hague, 3d b.	1	2	0	3	0
Meyerle, 3d b.	1	2	4	2	2	Allison, r. f.	1	2	0	0	1
Button, 1st b.	0	0	10	0	0	Hastings, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Knight, c. f.	1	2	2	0	1	Fulmer, s. s.	0	0	1	5	0
Malone, c.	1	2	6	3	0	Somerville, 2d b.	1	2	3	5	0
Coons, r. f.	1	2	1	0	1	Snyder, c.	0	0	6	1	0
Zettlein, p.	0	0	0	2	1	Ryan, l. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Totals	6	13	27	11	5	Totals	5	11	27	16	4

Athletic	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	5	0—8
Louisville	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	0—5

Runs earned—Louisville, 1; Athletic, 7. First base by errors—Louisville, 1; Athletic, 1. Balls called—on Devlin, 28; off Zettlein, 20. Struck out—Fulmer, Zettlein, and Fisler. Two-base hit—Allison. Passed balls—Snyder, 2. Out on flies—Louisville, 12; Athletic, 8. Umpire, Mike Walsh. Time, 1h. 50m.

LOUISVILLE vs. NEW HAVEN.

The Louisvilles easily defeated the New Havens for the second time at Louisville, Ky., on July 14. Another slim assemblage was present. The New Havens opened well at the bat, making three runs on three clean hits and a base on called balls given Waitt. The Louisvilles offset this by making three runs on four clean hits and errors of Coons and Wright. The New Havens could only add two more singles during the remainder of the game, these, however, being earned, while the Louisvilles made no fewer than nine additional runs, only one of which was earned, and that by Hague's splendid three-bagger hit. Cassidy pitched for the New Havens the last three innings, only three clean hits being made off him. Gerhardt and Snyder "laid off" in this game, Chapman and Carbine filling the vacancies, the former distinguishing himself by a running one-handed foul fly catch. Ryan pitched very effective for the Louisvilles, and Carbine played finely at first base. Pabor excelled in fielding and batting for the New Havens.

NEW HAVEN.	R.	Is.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	Is.	PO.	A.	E.
Fleet, 2d b.	0	0	2	0	1	Chapman, l. f.	5	2	3	2	0	0
Waitt, 1st b.	4	2	1	6	1	Devlin, c. f.	6	0	1	3	0	0
Pabor, l. f.	4	2	2	6	0	Hague, 3d b.	6	2	2	3	0	1
Cassidy, c.	4	2	2	5	0	Allison, r. f.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Seward, c.	4	0	0	6	2	Hastings, c.	5	1	1	2	2	1
Spence, 3d b.	4	0	1	4	2	Fulmer, s. s.	5	1	2	3	4	0
Wright, s. s.	4	0	1	1	4	Somerville, 2b.	5	1	1	4	5	0
Nichols, p.	4	0	0	1	1	Carbine, 1b.	4	1	0	12	0	0
Knowdell, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	Ryan, p.	4	2	1	0	1	0
Totals	37	5	7	27	11	Totals	45	12	13	27	13	4

New Haven.....3 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—5
Louisville.....3 0 1 0 0 1 0 4 0—9

Runs earned—New Haven, 3; Louisville, 2. First base by errors—New Haven, 1; Louisville, 4. Umpire, F. G. Malone of the Athletics. Time, 2h.

THE LYNN TOURNEY.
The Lowells win First Prize—Live Oaks Second.

Upon another page will be found the scores of the sixth, seventh and eighth games of the successful tournament held at Lynn, Mass., during the past two weeks. On the 14th inst. the ninth game took place, between the Fall Rivers and Tauntons, the former winning by a score of 7 to 0. On the 15th the tourney closed with a game between the Live Oaks and Fall Rivers, resulting as under:

LIVE OAK.	R.	Is.	PO.	A.	E.	FALL RIVER.	R.	Is.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, s. s.	1	1	1	5	2	Crane, 2d b.	0	0	6	4	1
Tipper, l. f.	2	0	2	0	0	Canary, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Hawkes, 2d b.	1	1	3	4	1	Gleason, 3d b.	1	1	4	1	0
Williams, c. f.	1	1	3	0	0	Melrose, 1st b.	1	1	8	1	1
Shattuck, 1st b.	2	2	9	0	0	Oxley, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Hadley, p.	0	0	0	2	0	Eagan, p.	0	1	0	2	0
Caskins, c.	0	0	3	2	4	McGonigle, c.	0	0	1	4	1
Allen, 3d b.	0	1	4	3	1	Libby, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	1
Wilson, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1	Whitney, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1
Totals	7	12	27	13	8	Totals	3	6	27	15	12

Live Oak.....2 0 1 1 0 0 2 1 0—7
Fall River.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Two-base hits—Tipper, Hawkes and Williams. Earned runs—Live Oak, 2. First base on errors—Live Oak, 6; Fall River, 3. Umpire, Walter Bigelow of Yale. Time, 1h. 45m.

The games played in the tournament have resulted as follows:

Lowell vs. Live Oak	5 to 3
Live Oak vs. Taunton	14 " 4
Lowell vs. Rhode Island	7 " 1
Taunton vs. Rhode Island	8 " 5
Live Oak vs. Rhode Island	8 " 4
Fall River vs. Rhode Island	6 " 3
Lowell vs. Fall River	3 " 1
Lowell vs. Taunton	7 " 0
Fall River vs. Taunton	7 " 3
Live Oak vs. Fall River	7 " 3

	Won.	*Lost.*	*Played.*
Lowell	6	0	4
Live Oak	3	1	4
Fall River	2	2	4
Taunton	0	4	4

Totals	18	10	20

The first prize of $500 was taken by the Lowells, the second of $300 by the Live Oaks, the third of $200 by the Fall Rivers, the fourth of $150 by the Tauntons, and the fifth of $100 by the Rhode Islands.

DREADNAUGHT vs. OSHKOSH.

Below is the score of a game between the Dreadnaughts of Chicago, Ill., and the Amateurs of Oshkosh, champions of the State of Wiscons

TO FOLLOW, FOLLOW, WHERE YOU ROAM.

To G. M. H., NAPLES, ITALY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

You are not with me when the dawn
My soul from troubled slumber calls;
You are not here when day is gone
And night again in silence falls;
But every hour my heart will turn
Ungrateful from the loves of home,
And every hour my heart will yearn
To follow, follow, where you roam.

The Summer wakes, the Summer fades,
The days are long, the days are brief,
And through the mist down woodland glades
The frosts fall white on bud and leaf;
The scarlet maples burn like fire
Against the blue of yonder dome;
Still holds my heart but one desire—
To follow, follow, where you roam.

To other lips and eyes I'm blind;
They may be sweet—I do not know;
As year by year my path I find
O'er drifts of bloom or drifts of snow,
'Twill lead at last to yonder shore—
The land of rest, the angels' home.
Ah! surely there, forevermore,
I'll follow, follow, where you roam.

Bridgeport, Ct., 1876.

LELIO'S TWO LOVES.

A STORY OF THE ITALIAN STAGE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CONCLUDED.

The next morning I mounted and rode in the direction of the villa, but had accomplished but half the distance when I met Fiammetta trudging along the road. She drew from her pocket a note couched in the following terms:

Are you timid or indifferent, that you have not attempted to see me for six days? I shall go to mass to-morrow at the Church of San Gennaro, in Florence. Say "Yes" to the bearer, if you will be there.

There is no need of telling my response. I was present at the rendezvous, although I deplored the place appointed, for all Florence knew me. I concealed my visage as much as possible, until I stood within the semi-obscurity of the church; but, although I saw my loved one, the fates were unpropitious. A confounded friar who deemed himself obliged to be officiously polite to the niece of the Duc di Grimpini hovered near her all the time, so that it was only at the moment when she reached her carriage that I was enabled to approach her. I thrust aside the footman who attempted to assist her in, and was rewarded by her whisper:

"This evening, beneath the fountain."

I was almost appalled at the boldness of this fearless girl, who seemed already to have no doubt of my love, none of the timorous shrinkings of maidenhood, and yet I would have wagered my life on her purity. It was evident that she loved, and that she was ready to stake her existence upon my honor. That night, beneath the fountain, we plighted our vows. She seemed calm and happy, but there was a world of resolution in her tones, such as one seldom to command. Fiammetta did not leave us for an instant, but her presence was hardly a restraint upon our language. When we parted at length I was burning with rapture, but there was an indefinable feeling in my heart that I was destined to suffer a rude awakening from this dream of happiness. Night after night we met, until I felt it to be shame that I was suffering this child to risk her reputation for me, and that it was but manliness to bring the affair to some definite conclusion. I proposed, therefore, that we should cease our clandestine meetings, and await the arrival of Luciano. Then, properly introduced to her guardians, I could demand her hand in marriage. If her relatives were inflexible, we would determine upon the course to be pursued. At this proposition she laughed scornfully.

"One would think, Lelio," she said, "that you were the child of us two. It is hardly six months since Count Luciano paid his court to me, and I refused. He is doubtless your friend. Still, he is but human, and would be only lukewarm in your cause. As to my uncle and aunt, they are inflexible. They have resolved that I shall marry my cousin Hector, and, apart from that consideration, they would sooner immure me in a convent for life than see me married to an artist, to anyone who has not a title. There is but one resource, Lelio. Go to Florence, find a priest who will marry us, and then we will be espoused in spite of all."

"And your mother?" I cried.

"My mother is an angel. She is now under the control of the clergy; but if we were once joined she would sustain me against the world, and would love you as a son. Listen: In her youth she was sacrificed to the ambition of her family, and married a noble who despised her for her birth, and would have squandered her fortune with those of his class had not a violent death cut short his career of dissipation. I am her only child, and depends but the income of her vast property, and reserves the principal for my dowry. She has at heart no prejudices of caste. Her life with the Count Berbini was not calculated to make her regard with favor the insolvent claims of a specious aristocracy."

I listened mechanically to her last words. A sudden vertigo seized me, I staggered to the steps at the base of the fountain, and became unconscious.

My neckcloth was unloosed and they were bathing my face and neck with water when I regained my senses. The passionate exclamations of the signora fell unheeded upon my ear; my mind only retained the words that had informed me of her origin.

"Can you remember ought of your childhood?" said I, at length, when I was sufficiently calm to speak.

"I know," replied she, "that I was singularly silent, obstinate and proud, almost from my infancy. My mother regarded me with a mingled affection and dread, for I seemed to have the temperament of my father, whom she had married in spite of the advice Berbini, on the Grand Canal. Among our servitors was a tall and handsome youth called Beppo, who attended my mother daily in the gondola. I soon learned to regard him with a jealous hatred, for I saw that he was attached to my mother, and that she loved him. My mad fondness for Beppo fostered and would excite me to almost convulsive wrath by telling me that Beppo was to be my new father. I gave my mother no peace, and would hardly allow myself to be separated from her. One evening he came to my bedside, bearing a light. I was awake, but feigned sleep, for I was accustomed to control feelings even at that age. I watched him through my half-opened eyes, that he had discarded our livery and was clad in the rough garb of a fisherman. He stooped, kissed my hand, muttered: 'God bless you, too, and farewell, little Azalea,' and was gone. I never saw him again, nor did my mother ever speak of him. Since then many years have passed, each year in a convent, but I am certain that she has never ceased to love him." Then, after a moment, she added: "He was not worthy of her, or he would have married her in spite of all the world."

"And where is she now?" I asked.

"At the Convent of San Felice, near Naples."

It was time for us to part, and, while loathing myself for my deception, I promised to return on the next evening, or on the following one at farthest. On reaching my room I hastily indited the following note to the Countess Berbini:

BIANCA: Your daughter has need of you. By your love for her come at five o'clock to-morrow, near that of the Grampini. Startle not to see this signed BEPPO.

The next morning I observed a commotion among the servants. Some were hastily adjusting the furniture in the various rooms, while others opened the great gates and lined the pathways. A carriage drove up in a cloud of dust, and I hastened out in time to welcome to the shelter of her roof the dowager Countess Luciano, mother of my friend. The venerable lady greeted me affectionately and announced the arrival of her son on the following day. I went to Florence, and remained there twenty-eight hours, but they were hours of anxiety and restlessness, and at the end of the second day I returned to the villa. Contrary to my expectations, Luciano had not arrived. From a servant I learned that Fiammetta had been there that morning with a note for me, which she would not entrust to other hands. I was disturbed as to the course Azalea would take; she was capable of any extravagance, if my absence continued too long, and I prayed for the arrival of her mother. The events of the next day will ever remain indelibly impressed upon my memory. The Countess Luciano ordered her carriage and, in charge of a groom, advanced toward the entrance to the grounds with a confident air, as they recognized Luciano. The latter stood in the gateway and muttered, as he motioned to me to take my place beside him:

"I charge you to leave this entirely to me."

"Good-day, Count," said Hector with affected pleasantry. "I believe my aunt and cousin has taken it into her head to pay you a visit."

"Signora Azalea arrived some time since, when my mother, unfortunately, chanced to be out, and she will, I suppose, await her return," replied Luciano.

"Your mother is, then, residing here?" said Hector. "That alters matters greatly. To tell the truth, my dear Count," he continued, glancing at me rather superciliously, "I was not aware of that fact, and I feared ——"

I stepped a pace forward, but Luciano waved me back, and said, with subdued ferocity:

"When you express doubt as to the possible conduct of any friend of mine to whom my roof gives shelter, you insult and slander me as well as my guest, Signor Hector. There is but one course to pursue when matters of this kind are in question. You appear to be unprovided with arms; I will send my servant to the house for swords."

Hector paled somewhat, but he bowed his assent somewhat reluctantly.

I could restrain myself no longer, and, turning to Hector's companion, I said:

"Your conduct, signor, is equally insulting; and your remarks bear but one interpretation."

"I have said nothing," he uttered in a tone of surprise.

"It is impossible that I should have been mistaken," returned I: "and if you repeat your denial, I shall stigmatize it as a falsehood."

"Very well," replied he; "I will not thwart your benevolent desires."

After a few words to his valet, Luciano led the way to a small grove, where an excellent piece of turf for our purpose was soon found, and we were speedily joined by the servant, who brought a bundle of rapiers concealed beneath a large cloak. I quickly perceived that my opponent was no match for me in strength or skill, and, as I wished to intimidate rather than injure him, I sought to disarm him. My first attempt he foiled, but the point of my rapier ploughed along his cheek, causing a serious effusion of blood. He fought on, however, with more pertinacity than I had looked for, until a thrust through the arm rendered him powerless.

The progress of the other contest now drew our attention. Luciano seemed blinded with fury, and exposed himself in a manner that made me shudder. With an antagonist of courage, the struggle would have been a short one. Hector gave way at his advance, but at last availed himself of an opportunity of which a child could not have failed to take advantage, and plunged his sword into the Count's chest, while Luciano's swerved from its direct course, and pierced the fleshy part of Hector's shoulder to the hilt. We raised them both and dressed their wounds as well as our appliances permitted. Hector and his companion declared themselves able to ride, and, giving directions to Luciano's valet to summon aid and convey his master to the villa as secretly as possible, I mounted and rode to Florence for a surgeon.

A silent gloom reigned over the house when I returned; the mother of Luciano bent over his bedside, and behind her stood Azalea, who answered my hasty glance with a look half of appeal and half of defiance. The surgeon examined the wound and pronounced it serious, but not fatal. He placed much stress upon the patient's need of quiet and seclusion, and ordered the ladies from the room while he dressed the hurt, with my assistance.

"I wished to die, Lelio," murmured the Count in my ear, as I supported him in my arms. "Azalea loves you to distraction; you will be happy together."

"I shall never marry her," I replied firmly. "She is but a capricious child, and does not yet know her own mind. Nay I took not so incredulously; there is something, I swear to you, that forbids me to think of her as my wife. I shall leave here to-day or to-morrow, and shall never see her more."

A look of surprise and bewilderment passed over the countenance of the wounded man.

"You shall not sacrifice yourself and her to your friendship for me," he said, but I fancied that his voice trembled with a resuscitated hope.

"I sacrifice nothing," I answered, "nor shall Azalea. Wait the course of events."

I ordered my effects to be put together that I might depart at a moment's notice, and sat patiently in my room, watching the broad, dusty road, visible over the tops of the trees. At last I beheld a carriage approaching, and anxiously watched its course until the reeking horses were reined up in the court-yard below. I saw a lady assisted from the dust-covered vehicle, and I hastened below to behold Azalea locked in her mother's arms. The once fair hair of Bianca was streaked with gray, and her still beautiful face bore the impress of years of sadness and care. As I came forward she held out her hands to me with a smile of mournful sweetness. I bent and kissed them, but she raised me and said:

"Beppo, do I see thee at last?—famous, and the companion of nobles!"

"Thy name Beppo was graven on my heart," replied I, "as he who wore your livery, and assisted you to your gondola. Heaven willed that our dreams should come to naught, but I have never ceased to think of you with gratitude and affection."

I saw a shudder pass through the frame of the proud Azalea as I purposely referred to my former servile condition.

"I have brought you to your daughter," I continued, "who, as I have told you, has need of you. To-night I depart hence, and, as I believe, forever."

I took again the hand of Bianca, she drew me toward her, kissed me tenderly on the forehead and murmured: "Parce mihi."

I turned to the door, but paused upon the threshold. Azalea threw her arm around her mother's neck, and, as I encountered her piercing gaze, I felt the same fascination as when I first saw her eyes fixed upon me at the Opera.

"Go," she said, in a tone of bitter haughtiness. "I told you once that you were not worthy of the mother; now I can add that the daughter despises you."

That night I left Florence for Marseilles, and in three days I embarked for the East. For four months I wandered through Syria, Palestine and Egypt. At Alexandria I was prostrated by a fever, and when partially recovered I set out for Venice by easy stages. On the evening of my arrival, there was really a levee of artists in my room.

"Lelio, mio," said Vietti the basso, "the night-air is soft; let me draw aside this curtain and wheel your couch to the window."

I consented; the refreshing breeze was welcome to my brow. In every direction twinkled the lights of the city. The moonbeams made the ever-silent streets shine like ribbons of silver. Opposite, a stately pile was lit from top to bottom. Gondolas were coming and going, and the sound of music was wafted to our ears.

"Do you know what edifice that is?" said Vietti.

"It is the palace of the Berbini," replied I, not without a strange fluttering at my heart.

"And it is illuminated," resumed he, "in honor of the nuptials now being celebrated there between the Count Luciano and Azalea, the last of the Berbini."

AFTER THE "FOURTH."

From "Our Jim."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"I'm layin' up here in the attic,
Where the mice an' the rats is nigh,
With a basin uv orful gruel,
An' a pound of stake to me eye.
It aint no colery-morbus,
I haint been out on a spree;
But a three-days' celebration
Is what's ther matter with me.

"Did yer miss me down 'ter the office?
Did yer think I wasn't well?
How yer ever got outer the paper
Is more than / kin tell!
I've been inter three explosions,
A ball, a fire, and a fight—
I started on Ma'am Monday mornin',
And wound up* Wednesday night.

"I stood up fur Hayes and Wheeler
Till I found that they woodn't treat;
Then hoilered and yelped for Tilden,
And got all ther was to eat;
I swallered Centennial-chowder,
An' pickles an' milk an' pie,
An' I'm jes' a-thinkin' the next Centennial
Aint comin' before I die!

"I got roped in to a picnic,
Where ther folks had "manly sports,"
An' the orful way I was wallopped
Would astonish yer brightest shorts;
I thort I was good at boxin',
But never no more fur me;
An' when I'd rassled a butcher
Me close was a sight ter see.

"We was awl on hand for the fireworks,
Meself and a gang uv six,
Hoorooin' at awl their rockets,
An' fightin' fur awl their sticks;
I jined in the fun and processions,
But got meself in a mess,
For they heaved me into a barrel—
They didn't respect ther press.

"The money fur board yer gave me
Aw! I wess I didn't squander it,
An' I know the old jade is waitin'
To tackle me on the stairs;
If yer'll only send up an' "fix it,"
I'll bleave yer, Mr. Q.,
Or else I'm stuck fur the Summer—
Then what'll become us you?"

[*This is evidently a mistake. Jim was "*second up*" on Monday, and "*kept going*" ever since.]

A NIGHT WITH A MAD SHOWMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WILLIE GILL.

I was advance-agent for "Puff & Blow's Grand, Gigantic, and Gorgeous Transcontinental and Royal Hawaiian Hippodrome and European and African Menagerie," and had found myself, at the end of a long drive to a rather out-of-the-way town in Montana, in the large bar-room of the principal hotel of the rising mining camp. Supper over, I had lighted my cigar, and, with the last copy of THE CLIPPER in my hand, I was comfortably seated on the piazza veranda, which ran round two sides of the building, determined on an evening of repose, preparatory to my arduous morrow's work. I had not been enjoying "mine ease at mine inn" very long, when my attention was called to a gentleman of cadaverous appearance and seedy clothes, who occupied the next rocking-chair to me, and who had ornamented the floor in his immediate vicinity with a graceful pattern of tobacco-juice. Every time that I raised my eyes from my paper to gaze at him, I found his optic—he had but one—fastened meditatively upon my face. After a while this sort of thing got tiresome, and I was quite relieved when, breaking the silence of the evening, the stranger exclaimed:

"Fine evening, sir?"

"Very," I answered.

"Stranger here?"

"Just arrived."

"Um! Haven't had much time to examine this town, then?"

"Not much!"

"Then don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Examine it too closely. It is a fine town, I admit, for its age; but a closer acquaintance with its insect portion of creation may probably cause a wicked desire to seize you to go out and burn its fair proportions from off the face of nature!"

"Fleas?" I inquired.

"Ad infinitum," he answered; "bugs, ad interim, ad indamnation!"

Thanking him for his information, I was about questioning him with regard to the financial prospects of Mountain Gap—for so the city was termed—when my companion interrupted me by saying:

"Pardon my question, coming as it does from one who is an entire stranger to you, but aint you in the show business?"

I admitted the soft impeachment.

"I thought so!"

"Why?"

"By the 'cut of your jib,' as sailors say. Don't you know there is an indefinable *something* about a showman which immediately betrays him to a show pard?"

"What I are you in the business?" I inquired nervously, as thoughts of a rival in the camp instantly flashed across my mind.

"Used to be—used to be, but got busted. Tell you all about it some other time. Come and have a drink."

Nothing loth, I accepted his invitation. We had a drink; perhaps I shall not be deviating too far from the strict path of rectitude and truthfulness if I state that we had two—or more—draughts of the staff of life—whiskey! Anyhow, it made me sleepy, and, taking advantage of the temporary absence of my new-found "pard," I notified the landlord of my intention of going to my virtuous couch. The room in which I was to pass the night I found to contain two beds—both being unoccupied. I selected the softer of the two, and, disrobing, soon was in the "arms of Murphy," as our premier clown so aptly has it. How long I slept I know not, but I was suddenly awakened by the slamming of the door, and, looking up, who should I see but my tobacco-squirting friend of the verandah. He turned the key in the door, and, carefully locking the latter, he looked to the fastenings of the window, and, finding that satisfactory, he gazed over with his one eye in my direction and exclaimed:

"Hallo! not asleep?"

"I was till you came in."

"Um, um! Slamming of the door woke you, eh?"

I nodded. He said nothing more, just then, but proceeded to take off his clothes. Previous to doing this, however, he drew from the back pocket an enormous six-shooter, which he placed on the table; from his belt he produced a bowie-knife of formidable proportions, which he placed by the side of its murderous friend, and finished his warlike preparations by adding to the implements on the table a pair of "knuckle-dusters." I began to feel nervous, and remembered that my own revolver was at that moment lying on the top of my valise in the bar-room. Instead of undressing, as I thought he would, my employed companion drew a chair to the side of my bed, and, throwing himself back in it and elevating his boot-heels to the altitude of the table, he said:

"Are you sleepy?"

"Not very," was my truthful reply, his eccentric movements having effectually banished sleep from my eyes.

"Then I'll tell you about my show experience. I commenced life as clerk in a drug-store. It was there I formed an attachment to the lovely Roxalana the 'Lion Queen,' of Bustem's Circus, then performing in the town. I spent my limited salary in purchasing for her perfumery and trinkets, which she will do her the justice to say, she received most willingly, and besieged her with attentions which did not appear to be distasteful to her. But, sir, I too soon was to find that it was my perfumery and presents of jewelry the faithless Roxalana loved, and not myself. I became so infatuated with the girl that two nights after the circus had left town I robbed my employer of $500. It became necessary —as the old man woke up while I was rummaging the safe, and seized me—to dabble my hand in his blood"—here the one-eyed monster missed his mark, and deposited a mouthful of tobacco-juice on the toe of my boot—"but it was his own fault. He should have known better than attempt to interfere with the natural course of love's young dream, and I have never regretted the deed!" I shivered. "I followed the circus up, and gave old Bustem $300 out of my share to induce me to be his business. Of course, it was only to be near my Roxalana that I desired to tie my legs into true-lover's knots, stand upon my head, walk upon my hands, throw myself head over heels over horses' backs, and do many other things repugnant to nature, and degrading to an intellectual being. However, my Roxalana was gracious, allowed me to replace her somewhat faded wardrobe with new and spicy silks and bullion; to treat her to ice cream and buy her hats, shawls, etc.; but, sir, when my last nickel had disappeared, she transferred her affections to Monsieur Bellocino (so the bills had him—his real name was Bill Jones), a fiend of corruption was lurking under the fair exterior of the six children upon whom my animals made a hearty supper the first night we reached the town? As they had never been vaccinated, I need hardly tell you the result. Every one of my collection died within a week. I have detested the sight of a child ever since. You cannot blame me for the antipathy, can you?"

I wanted to cry for help, but my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and paralysis seemed to have chained my limbs.

"It was at that time that these mines were discovered, and I made up my mind to leave the showbiz for a while and invest in mining property, and, if successful, to start out on the road on a more extended scale. I have done well here, but lately my mind has wandered from menageries to a new and novel science, and I have selected you to aid me."

My heart stood still.

"It is not everyone I would give the chance to, but I was struck with your appearance from the first, and you shall aid me in reaping millions of dollars for us both. I have discovered a plant which possesses the peculiar property of being able to restore life, after the vital spark appears to have fled forever. It can call back the departed spirit from its heights in ether, and re-establish it in its earthly tabernacle. Whether a man dies by the knife, the pistol, poison, or hanging, one little drop of this"—and here he produced from his pocket a phial full of a greenish-colored liquid—"and the seeming dead man is again in full possession of his earthly faculties. We will travel on this line, you suffer the seeming death, and I will bring you back again to life. In the presence of awe-struck audiences I will plunge a dagger into your heart, shoot you through the head with this pistol, or poison you with prussic acid, or some equally deadly poison. Ha, ha! how delighted and amazed the public will be."

The truth flashed on me. My one-eyed acquaintance was a madman, a raving lunatic, armed with weapons with which—in a moment of maniacal rage—he might send me to the shadows below. I tried to call for help; the madman sprang to my side, and placed his hand on my mouth.

"Don't do that," he hissed in my ear—"don't call anyone here to be a witness of our experiments, for they might rob us of our secret and reap the harvest which is ours by right of conquest over the forces of nature."

By this time my self possession began to return, and I saw the necessity for a speedy removal from my recumbent position. On my feet and clothed, I might hope to stand some chance with my eccentric companion, while prostrate on a bed I would be completely at his mercy; so, when the madman told me, with a hideous grin on his ugly face, that he should not alarm the house, I consented. The experiment at once, as, all being asleep, there would be no danger of espionage, I suggested that it would be more satisfactory, and would greatly benefit the proper carrying-out of the experiment if I were out of bed, so that he could place me in any position he wished. The idea struck my companion favorably, and in two minutes I was fully dressed, and awaiting with considerable trepidation his next movement.

"Now," he exclaimed exultantly, "we will put a drop of this decoction in a glass, so that the moment your vital spark has fled I can pour it down your throat. I will place this watch on the table in order to time the flight of the spirit and its return—so."

With a malicious grin upon his one-eyed phiz he suited his actions to his words. The disposition of the articles on the table caused him for a second to turn his back towards me. Now was my time. I made a grab at the pistol, seized it, and, leveling it at the form of my companion, I pulled the trigger. To my dismay, it only snapped. He turned at that instant and took in the situation at a glance. With a snarl resembling that of a wild beast, he seized the bowie-knife and rushed at me. I caught hold of his uplifted arm with one hand, while with the other I endeavored to strike him in the face. Comprehending my intention, he pinned it to my side, and in the struggle that ensued we both fell heavily to the floor. I began to call loudly for help; this appeared to endow him with superhuman strength. In falling, my left arm was forced beneath me. He seized my throat with one hand, and the last I recollected was seeing the sharp blade of the knife elevated above my head, and all was a blank.

When I returned to consciousness I found myself on the bed, with a crowd around me, among whom I recognized the features of my one-eyed fiend, who was holding my wrist with one hand, the other containing a watch, upon which he every now and then looked. The first words I heard were:

"How's he doing, doc?"

"Oh, he's all right—a little rest and quiet is all he requires to fix him nicely."

Subsequent events proved that I had a very bad dream, and that in my imaginary conflict with my "mad showman" I had fallen out of bed, dislocated my ankle, and cut my scalp pretty badly. As I paid my bill to "mine host" some ten days afterward I said:

"Montana whiskey is rather over the average strength, isn't it?"

"Well," answered he, with a curious smile, "it all depends on the constitution of the imbiber. A Montana man's whiskey very often proves a Tenderfeet's poison!"

I left.

WHO ever heard of a woman with pretty ankles and whole stockings complain of wet sidewalks or muddy crossings?

WHAT THE NIGHTWIND SAID.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Say, does she love me? asked I of the wind
At night upon the beach. If so,
I am the happiest man that lives. I pray
You truly, truly let me know!
And the hoarse night-wind answered
"NO!"

But what if I shall strive through months and years—
Shall I not surely win her yet?
Faithful and true to her by day and night,
Shall I my sweet reward not get?
And the salt night-wind thundered
"GET!" J. H. B.

A MOST REMARKABLE PARTNERSHIP

From August Blanche's "Pictures of Reality."

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY THE LATE CARL LARSEN.

Lindgren and Malm were the names of two young unmarried men who in partnership carried on a retail grocery trade in Stockholm. Their characters formed a striking contrast. Lindgren, economical almost to parsimony, was seldom seen outside his store, and associated with none, hardly even his partner. Malm, on the contrary, was a merry fellow, voluble and witty, to the highest degree adventurous, always to be met upon the street or in some restaurant, and generally surrounded by others who were not always particularly select, among whom he kept the fun constantly alive.

I seldom saw Lindgren, but the more frequently Malm, who for a period was always present at weddings and funerals among the circles of retail dealers and mechanics. He possessed a most prepossessing exterior, lively brown eyes, and peculiarly handsome curly black hair. The women called him "the grocer with the handsome hair." When formerly as a clerk obliged to keep himself behind the counter, his hair was to be thanked for a large run of custom from the fair sex; but on becoming his own proprietor the handsome hair disappeared from the store, to the great grief of Lindgren, who, as he said, had only for this taken him into partnership. How it should turn out with such a "hair-suspended business" may be easily imagined. The trade became poorer and poorer, and failure even was whispered of, when suddenly, at the age of thirty years, Malm was taken ill, and in a few days died.

I was present at the funeral, which was attended with great solemnity, and an imposing display, expense for this not being incurred by the living proprietor. The parish minister delivered a handsome oration at the grave, and, as is often the case on such occasions, the deceased received much praise for qualities he had never possessed—as, for instance, "manners without vanity," and "a lively fear of God," at which those present with wife familiar with his life were compelled to smile. On the other hand, it seemed remarkable that Lindgren should grieve thus, for all during the oration big tears were rolling down his cheeks. After the burial the procession returned to the house of mourning, where, according to the custom of the time, the widow, as the head of the house, gave a sumptuous one, and the night far advanced ere the company retired.

It was said, with some show of truthfulness, that this dinner was the only one Lindgren had ever made, and in honoring the memory of his partner he received much praise, although he had really not so much reason for doing so.

"Alas! no one knows better than the wearer where the shoe pinches," said Lindgren with much emotion, "and I know not what I would not give to have again with me my ever-happy and true friend Malm."

Lindgren also erected at the grave a handsome cross, upon which was engraved the words:

"Here rests Oscar Malm, beloved in life, missed in death."

Some time after a just reason seemed discovered for Lindgren's generosity, although not of his grief. He was found to be the holder of a life-insurance policy for $20,000, which Malm some months previous to his death had taken from an English company. This sum was duly received by Lindgren, who was consequently considered as having made more than his partner's death than he would ever have been possible in his lifetime, even had the handsome heir fulfilled his expectations. Yet, as Lindgren paid all Malm's indebtedness, which, however, did not exceed $500, mostly restaurant bills, no more was said about the matter. A year had passed since Malm's death, a year during which Lindgren's business, as also his wealth, had increased, when one Winter night after closing his store, as he sat alone at his counting-room desk, intent upon the ledger, in which lay a package of bills, doubtless the receipts of the day, the door slowly opened, and a man, well dressed in military costume, with light, frizzled hair and large moustaches, which last were worn at that time by the military only, stepped within and approached the desk. The stranger coughed; Lindgren looked up, and sprang from his chair.

"Who are you, sir? What do you wish? How did you get into the store?" asked Lindgren in the same breath.

"Oh, thunder!" replied the stranger. "I almost think the head of the firm Lindgren & Malm don't recognize me."

At the first sound of this voice the merchant became pale and sank upon his chair.

"You here!" he gasped, after a momentary pause, and looking anxiously on all sides; "you here! you are—you are quite out of your senses!"

"Ha, ha! You think I should have been better for me to remain in my grave," replied the stranger; "but I am not quite so foolish, and you have your own faithlessness to thank for my so speedy resurrection. Eight months ago the insurance policy was cashed; but, instead of immediately sending me half, according to agreement, you have only thrown to me a few paltry hundred dollars, you flint-skinner. Did you suppose one could live a whole year on that, and in Gothenburg, too, without cash as a dead man? It were more than enough to make one turn in his grave. See how my once handsome hair has turned white, so great has been my grief at the treachery of my partner; and, too, I wear a white moustache, which in my lifetime I detested."

Lindgren threw a deep sigh, and stared at his living partner without understanding the joy he had once declared he should feel could his partner be restored.

"What if you should be detected?" at length he muttered. "Do you know what a risk you run?"

"Risk!" repeated Malm; "none at all, I think. Did I bury myself? Was I not buried with due insurance money? It was you who did all this, as also who fooled me into my part of the contounded comedy, which I have bitterly repented. The deuce take me if I die again for anybody!"

Lindgren breathed heavily, and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"And if you can get rid of a charge of having buried a living person, I cannot see how you can escape punishment for drawing out insurance money for a man who wasn't dead."

"And what do you mean by reappearing?" asked Lindgren, somewhat recovering himself.

"First take this," replied Malm, overlooking the bills which lay upon the desk. "Surely it isn't too much for a partner to take the receipts of a single day of the year, when you have been master of all the rest. In justice to myself I ought to haul over the books, for I wouldn't be surprised if you had debited me for my burial expenses, but ——. Shortly after 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon you must hand-over to me ten thousand dollars, which is the half of my life insurance, else ——"

"Else?" repeated Lindgren, moving nervously in his seat.

"I shall show myself to Jerusalem," said the risen one. "So, good-night, Brother Lindgren. It rejoices me that you have been able to meet an apparition so calmly; it shows you have a better conscience than I had supposed. Good-night, and pleasant dreams! The deuce, how cold you have it here in the office! You can't as much as afford to keep a fire, you stingy dog!"

With these words the ghost disappeared. Lindgren seized a large pair of shears, as if with these to pursue; then, checking himself, turned to the safe, which stood in the corner of the room, opened it, took out all the cash therein contained, after which he hurried out, closed the door, went directly to the stage office, and ere the morning sun had risen in the purple of the firm of Lindgren & Malm had left Stockholm. Shortly after sunset, or in the dusk of the following day, the gentleman wearing the light hair and moustache stepped into the store and asked the clerk who stood behind the counter for Mr. Lindgren. The clerk, who had been in his place during three years, answered that his proprietor had during the night unexpectedly gone out of town.

"I suspected that he had absconded, the rascal," muttered the stranger, and departed. The clerk stared after him in astonishment. The voice, he thought, he recognized as one he had heard before, although it was certainly the first time he had seen that face.

"Very remarkable!" he exclaimed; "the voice was so much like Malm's, so much that if——ugh—ugh!" and he caught hold of the counter for support, for his limbs were growing weak. The fact was, he had hardly pronounced the name of Malm ere that gentleman himself, with the same old sprightly eyes and curly black hair, stepped into the store.

"What are you bellowing about, dear Oak?" asked Malm, as quite naturally he stepped behind the counter. "I believe you don't recognize me!"

"Ugh!" gasped the clerk, covering his eyes, and his whole frame trembling.

"Lindgren has gone to the deuce," continued Malm, "but I am here, and the firm will continue the business."

The clerk sprang over the counter, ran into the street, and entered a small grocer's shop which stood opposite, sinking down, pale and almost speechless.

"What is the matter?" asked the owner of the shop.

"The store—the store!" stammered Oak, waving his hand in the direction of it.

The man, fearing that fire had broken out in Lindgren's store, hurried over, but, on entering, stood as if nailed to the doorstep, for plainly he saw his old friend and neighbor Malm, weighing a pound of coffee for a girl who had just come in.

"Ah, good-evening, neighbor Hagstrom!" called out Malm, as he emptied the coffee into paper. "How are you these days? and how are your wife and children? Here, pretty miss, six cents back, and some prunes to boot. Well, dear Hagstrom, how is it with our friends? It was so long since—but stop now, so a fellow can speak to you!"

Yet Hagstrom waited not, but rushed, heels over head, out of this store into his own in as great trepidation as Oak. However, in a little while he returned, accompanied by Oak and several others who had happened along meanwhile. On entering they found the ghost quite composedly sitting behind the counter, his attention absorbed in the memorandum-book; the only difference they saw between the apparition and Malm when in the flesh, was that he had never then manifested such interest in the affairs of the business.

"Why was you in such a hurry, friend Hagstrom?" asked Malm, rising and laying aside the memorandum-book. "Say, my good Oak," he continued, raising his voice, "take your place behind the counter without delay, or I'll give you your walking-ticket to-morrow. If Lindgren has taught you to shirk, 'pon my soul I'll teach you something else!"

"In Heaven's name, what does this mean?" Hagstrom at last braced himself to exclaim.

"What do you mean, good friend?" asked Malm in his own straightforward manner.

"Of course, you are dead!"

"Well, what then?"

"I was at your funeral, to be sure!"

"I have heard it was a grand affair."

"But you—you are alive, surely?"

"Do you think so? Well, I think the same."

"But—but it is certainly—it is impossible that ——"

"That a grocery merchant can rise from the dead," interrupted Malm. "You are sorry to see me, I guess."

Those present began to laugh, and Hagstrom looked confused. But then Malm invited all into the office, where he treated to punch, and as a spirit could certainly not have done this, far less drink it, and so freely, his physical existence was acknowledged, and the day ended with a supper at "Hamburg Exchange," made by Malm's many friends, in honor of his resurrection. Soon the affair was on the lips of all Stockholm, and Malm's store was thronged with customers from all parts of the city.

But the authorities, considering this untimely resurrection contrary to good order, summoned Malm to appear. Seldom, if ever before, had the court-room witnessed such a crowd as on this occasion. Among others was summoned the physician who was supposed to have attended Malm in his last illness, and myself, as the pastor's delegate, with a list of names of deceased persons.

The venerable Olle Wanquist, undoubtedly one of the best city officers Stockholm ever had, conducted the examination, and never shall I forget the peculiar expression in his keen eye as he fixed it upon Malm, who with the most respectful bow saluted him.

"My good Malm," began he, "to be sure in your lifetime you was one of the most adventurous chaps I ever saw; but that you should retain every quality in death I could not have thought."

"Ah, squire," replied Malm solemnly, "death has no power over men's souls."

"Nor over their bodies, evidently," said Wanquist, "for, although you have lain a whole year in the grave, you have in a remarkable manner preserved yourself."

"They must certainly have embalmed me after some new method," replied Malm.

The audience began to titter, and Wanquist himself could not refrain from smiling.

"Then you insist upon having lain in the grave?" he continued. "But how did you manage to get up again?"

"Upon my soul, I can't tell," replied Malm; "but I was certainly alive when I came into my store to see how my partner had managed during my absence."

"Well, I suppose Lindgren was considerably surprised to see you."

"I did not see him, but learned that he had left."

"We shall find that he has changed places with you, after all."

"Not improbable, sir."

"Without inviting you or anyone else to his funeral?"

"Oh, Lindgren was too stingy for that," said Malm.

The doctor was called upon to examine Malm, when the audience became so convulsed with laughter as to render an adjournment necessary.

At the following examinations I was not present, but learned that they terminated, although not so merrily, quite as favorably to Malm. No information was obtained concerning Lindgren's whereabouts, and the agent of the insurance company, the party most interested in this singular affair, was at the time abroad.

Meanwhile Malm's grave was examined, when in its coffin was found a clumsy wooden image, which had formerly stood in a garden on Norr street, and was now immediately claimed by its owner. Following are the proposition of the monumental inscription was certainly fine; for although "Hyloth" "beloved in life," it was "missed" by its owner. Besides all this, Malm embraced the first opportunity to thank the minister for his handsome funeral oration, and even ask for a copy of the same, which, of course, with a mild reproof, was refused.

How terrible was his joke, which, at least, can be called but a coarse one, I know not, but it was said that Malm's numerous friends made a settlement with the English insurance company, and that Lindgren, too, who never returned to his native land, had contributed to this. Malm continued the business of the firm, under the old name, and so successfully that in a few years he not only had paid all his debts, but was proprietor of a fine estate in the country also. He was married to a worthy and beautiful young woman, who, Malm said, couldn't entertain much hope of becoming a widow.

THE YELLOW CAT.

A Property-man's Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY J. W.

I had been "property-man" over forty years, you see, an' when rheumatism made me give up, I used to frequent auction sales, and, by sort of habit, I suppose, began to accumulate all sorts of useless traps until I rented a private "property-room" of my own. Oh, yes; and the scoldings I used to get at home! But I've given up now. You see, I can't walk no more. The last thing I bid for and got was a yellow cat—yes, that's it—a stuffed yellow cat. I bought that at an auction sale in the Bowery. "Goin' for twenty-fi-fi-fi-five cents! No advance on twenty-fi-fi-fi-five cents! Goin' at twenty-fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-five cents! Gone!" and the stuffed cat was mine. What a time there was when I took it home. The old woman was frantic, an' me daughter Sarah talked of a lunatic asylum. Well, the beast was rather plain-lookin', that's a fact; and one of the glass eyes had gone, not to mention the recognizable number of worms on the skin. "It's only a quarter gone," I says to the old woman—"don't tear your chemise;" an' just then in came me son-in-law's terrier pup, an' we had a regular cat-worry afore you could wink. Didn't the savage little pup tear the stuffin' out of that cat! "Look what a carpet ye've made," cried the old woman, coming to see what the growling and hustling was about; an' darn me if the old lady didn't see "Rap" drawing a roll of paper out of that cat—I shouldn't never have seen it, as my eyes have failed terribly, but the old woman she's a telescoper, you bet.

"Dan," she says, "here be a roll of paper all covered with writing;" and then Sarah came in and there was such arguing and speculating as you never heard in all your born days. The manuscript, Sarah said as how it was a deed of some estate; but the old woman persisted it was some rich miser's will; but I kind of hoped it would prove another play of Shakespeare's, or, failing that, one of Sheridan's.

"Well, we was all mistaken. It turned out to be neither a deed, nor a will, nor a play, but only a story—written by a foolish sort of a woman, I warrant her—

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

BLUE HAIR.

BY FRANK ASHLEIGH.

MR. JOHNSON.—Tambo, where have you kept yourself for the last two or three months? I haven't seen you around.

TAMBO.—Oh! Ise been out in de country to see my girl.

MR. J.—Why, I was not aware that you *had* a girl.

TAMBO.—Oh, yes; I've got a girl. You ought to see her, Mr. Johnson. Oh! she's de nicest gal. And such hair! Why, it beats anything you ever saw.

MR. J.—She's a blonde, I suppose.

TAMBO.—No, sir. Why, a blonde couldn't be compared wid her.

MR. J.—Well, a brunette, then.

TAMBO.—No, she aint got a blue net.

MR. J.—You don't understand me. You was just telling me that this young lady had such beautiful hair. Now, sir, I want to know the color of it—was it light or dark, golden, red, brown, black, or white?

TAMBO.—Taint neither one.

MR. J.—Well, what was it, then?

TAMBO.—Blue.

MR. J.—Blue! Why, who ever heard of such a thing? Blue hair! Why, it's absurd—it's preposterous.

TAMBO.—No, it aint phosphorus, either—it's *blue*, and that settles it.

MR. J.—Bones, what do you think of it? Did you ever see anyone with blue hair?

BONES.—No, sir. Dat coon is gone in his upper story. He was gone; he's got 'em!

TAMBO.—Gone! Got 'em! *What!* (Rushes at Bones with his hands up.) I'll annihilate yer.

BONES.—*Police!*

MR. J.—Gentlemen, this must be stopped. I can't allow anything of this kind. If you wish to fight, you will have to go out in the street.

TAMBO.—Fight, fight! Mr. Johnson. Why, sir, I would not lower myself so much as to quarrel. I'm a peaceable man; but dat little piece of calico drygoods of mine, she's a hitter, Mr. Johnson. I can't do nothing with her—she just goes for me every time I go to see her.

MR. J.—Why, how is that, Tambo?

TAMBO.—Well, you see, I'm not a fighting character myself, and she knows it; so, whenever I go down there and tell her I don't do anything she don't like, that sets me in. Why, you would think a circus had broke loose; she'll soothe you with a flat-iron, a bar of soap, a bucket of slops, three or four pair of old shoes—no matter what it is she lays her hand on first, she lets it fly. Oh, she's a nice girl, you bet!

MR. J.—Why, she must be a regular Tartar.

BONES.—Yes; cream of tartar.

TAMBO.—Fat gal weighs two tons.

MR. J.—Oh, come now; be reasonable; don't try to make us believe that. Why, it is worse than the blue hair.

TAMBO.—It's a fact.

MR. J.—How do you know that she weighs the enormous amount of two tons?

TAMBO.—Why, didn't she tell me so the other day?

MR. J.—Oh, she was only fooling you then.

TAMBO.—No, she wasn't.

MR. J.—How do you know she wasn't?

TAMBO.—Well, I'll tell you. You see, when I went to see her the other day, I was going right in the door. You know I always go right in without a knocking whenever I go down there. Well, as I was saying, I was going right in the door, and of cause I didn't know there was anything behind the door; so I made a rush, because I was dying to see the girl, you know; and as I opened the door I struck a bucket of water that was behind the door. Of course the bucket upset and the water went all over the floor. You ought to have seen that girl. O! she jumped up in the air about six feet, and when she come down you'd think it was an earthquake. O! then you'd ought to see her come for me. Well, sir, I was standing in the door when she come, and she hit me square in my face.

MR. J.—It didn't hurt you, did it?

TAMBO.—Well, I don't know as it hurt me much, but I succumbed to the influence of the shock.

MR. J.—You mean to say that she knocked you down.

TAMBO.—Yes, I tumbled; I dropped, way out in the middle of the street. Yes, sir, she knocked me clean out in the middle of the street, and what do you think she said when she hit me?

MR. J.—Well, I really can't say.

TAMBO.—She said *ton*.

MR. J.—What?

TAMBO.—Ton.

MR. J.—Ton? Why what did that signify?

TAMBO.—That's what I asked her afterwards.

MR. J.—Well, what did she say?

TAMBO.—Why, she said whenever she hits with half her weight, she always says *ton*, but whenever she hits with her full weight it's *two ton*.

BONES.—Ha, ha! That's pretty good, Mr. Johnson, aint it? Pretty heavy weight, eh?

MR. J.—Yes, I must say that is a very solid two ton.

BONES.—Yes, but I can't get over that blue hair, though.

MR. J.—Oh, yes; by-the-bye, Tambo, how about that blue hair?

TAMBO.—Oh, that blue hair is all right.

MR. J.—Come, now, wasn't it *brown*?

TAMBO.—No, sir.

MR. J.—Well, then?

TAMBO.—No, sir.

MR. J.—Well, red?

TAMBO.—Now, there is no use talking, Mr. Johnson; I tell you her hair is blue, and that settles it.

MR. J.—Ridiculous; you can't make me believe anything like that. Explain yourself, if you will insist upon its being blue. Now, how is it that she has got blue hair?

TAMBO.—Well, you see, Mr. Johnson, she was out sailing on de lake one day, when all of a sudden one of dese big hurricanes came up—you know what they are, don't you?

MR. J.—Yes; I've had a little experience in that way myself, and don't wish to try it again.

TAMBO.—Well, you see, when dis hurricane came up, the sails commenced to flap, and the mast it cracked, and a rip-tear-my-Johnny's-gone-away. Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him well, and, all of a sudden, it blew! blew! *blew!*

MR. J.—What?} Together.

BONES.—What?}

TAMBO.—The *hair* all off of her head.

MR. JOHNSON.—That's a heavy blow, and now we'll have

ELSIE DEAN.—A SERENADE.

To T. M. HENGLER.

BY J. R. FORREST.

By the starlight of thine eye,
Elsie Dean;
By the soft cheek's changing dye,
Elsie Dean;
By the dimple dancing out,
Peeping, playing round about,
Do I vow that I adore you,
Elsie Dean.

Chorus.—Elsie Dean (*symp.*), Elsie Dean (*symp.*),
I am singing 'mid the roses here to-night,
Elsie Dean (*symp.*), Elsie Dean (*symp.*),
Give your answer in this garden of delight.

Vow I now by gems of gold,
Elsie Dean,
Braided in thy tresses' fold,
Elsie Dean,
Time may chase the light away,
Time may change the gold to gray,
Still I vow that I'll adore you,
Elsie Dean.

Chorus.—Elsie Dean, etc.

Dost believe me what I say,
Elsie Dean?
Then let's drive dull care away,
Elsie Dean.
And when rose and ray are fled,
And the zinglet's gloss is dead,
I will love you and adore you,
Elsie Dean.

Chorus.—Elsie Dean, etc.

FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE
in Concert of Gilmore's Band and Drum-corps.

P. S. Gilmore, whose name is now so well known to the public, at the time of which we write was just commencing to attract attention. A short time previously he had arrived in Boston, Mass., from Salem, where for a while he had led a brass band which bore a high reputation. With a partner he had opened a music store (referred to in the bill), and commenced the organization of a band which he was determined should surpass all other bands in that city, of which there were many of high repute. After the band and drum-corps (a novelty in that city) were fully organized, a public concert was given in the Music Hall. A copy of the programme is here appended. Attention is directed to his card to the public:

GRAND MILITARY CONCERT.

First appearance of
GILMORE'S FULL BAND AND DRUM-CORPS,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
ON SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1859.

Tickets, fifty cents. For sale at Gilmore & Russell's music store, No. 61 Court street, and at all the other music stores and hotels in the city.

Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

At the close of a season made remarkable by so many crowded and enthusiastic and gorgeous entertainments as the past, it is not to be expected that those who love art or seek pleasure can find anything very interesting in the simple announcement that a new Military Musical Association is about to make its first bow to the public. It cannot be proclaimed that a performance of unequaled novelty or rarity may be anticipated. Our object is to exhibit our ability in a class of music adapted to our field of action, such as is suitable for public parades, popular concerts, serenades, balls, and for such other purposes as we may hereafter be called upon to undertake—and even in this sphere the military bands of Boston and vicinity are so proficient that there is scarce an opportunity left for us to create any new sensation.

Our Association is principally composed of those who have filled prominent positions in other bands, and who, in thus uniting, feel satisfied that they have taken a step to their own advantage. In our ranks may be found Henry C. Brown, late second leader of the Brigade Band; B. F. Richardson, late leader of the Metropolitan Band; W. Vanstane, late conductor of Flagg's Band; W. H. Cundy, the much-admired baritone player of the Germania Band; Geo. Gewinner, late conductor of the New Bedford Brass Band; S. L. Newman, the celebrated drummer, late of the Salem Brass Band; and so on might each one be particularized, proving at least that our Association possesses the material to become a good military band.

There is one feature of the entertainment which will certainly prove interesting to military gentlemen, and that is the first appearance of a regularly organized and well disciplined "drum-corps." It is not necessary to secure front seats in order to hear this part of the performance to advantage.

We have been fortunate in obtaining the services of Sig. Domingo G. Mariani, who will act in the capacity of drum-major whenever his services may be required. He is a thorough soldier of the French school, and as a musician it is sufficient to say that he came to this country as a member of the Jenny Lind Troupe.

As we have gone to much expense in procuring all that is necessary to prepare us for the future, we would earnestly solicit the patronage of those who are interested in our welfare on the above occasion.

In conclusion, the undersigned would remark that he has experienced much difficulty during the last three months in completing the above Association, and that, from constant toil and application, he has suffered much, both mentally and physically. He, however, trusts that those who may attend the Music Hall Saturday evening, April 9, may have reason to feel satisfied with the fruits of his labors, which will be to him an ample and satisfactory reward.

P. S. GILMORE.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

1. Quickstep—"In Advance" ..... Gungl
   Full Military Band.
2. Aria—From "I Vespri Siciliani" ..... Verdi
   Serenade Band.
3. Concert Waltz—"Amelia" ..... Lumbye
   Orchestra.
4. Grand Pot Pourri—From "The Huguenots" ..... Meyerbeer
   Brass Band.
5. March—From "Traviata" ..... Verdi
   Full Military Band.
6. Champagne Galop ..... Lumbye
   Orchestra.

PART II.

1. Salute, March, etc., etc.
   Drum Corps.
2. Cavatina—From "Nabucco"—(Obligato for baritone) ..... Verdi
   Mr. W. H. Cundy.
3. Cuckoo Polka ..... Herzog
   Orchestra.
4. Quartet—From "Il Puritani" ..... Bellini
   Serenade Band.
5. Overture—"Massaniello" ..... Auber
   Orchestra.
6. Cujus Animam"—From "Stabat Mater" ..... Rossini
   Brass Band.
7. Grand Finale—"Rogers' Quickstep" ..... Dodworth
   Full Military Band and Drum-corps.

NEVER GIVE UP.

DEDICATED TO ED. S. PEAK.

Never give up, or sit down in despair,
Saying 'tis no use to try,
The clouds never lowered so darkly but there
Would be sunshine and light by and by.
Never give up—if you do you are lost
In the mazes of sorrow's long night;
Keep your heart cheerful, whatever the cost,
Keep your eyes looking the while for the light.

Never give up, though Fate does her worst,
Did you ever yet know of a day
That the night did not herald with darkness at first,
And the darkness did not roll away?
Never give up, and you fight the good fight;
Of you none shall say he was lost;
Keep your eyes looking the while for the light—
Keep your heart cheerful whatever the cost.

New Orleans, June, 1876. VIVA.

MAGGIE MITCHELL
in Providence, R. I., in 1856.

The appended copy of a bill, contributed by F. D. Pierce of Providence, R. I., is of the closing night of Miss Mitchell's first engagement in that city. She went there entirely unknown to the public, at once secured their favor, and fulfilled one of the most successful engagements ever played in that theatre. For many years thereafter she was one of the most attractive stars that visited that city. W. C. Forbes died in Williamsburg, L. I., April 14, 1868; E. C. Prior was killed, we believe, during the late war; J. Delmon Grace is living in Providence, R. I., but incapacitated by paralysis from pursuing his profession; Harry Linden is still before the public; Miss Maggie Mitchell is now as her country seat, Long Branch, N. J.; L. P. Roys died in Lewiston, Me., Oct. 27, 1871; R. F. McClannin is a member of the company at the Boston (Mass.) Museum: H. W. Finn shortly afterwards retired from the profession, and engaged in commercial pursuits; H. O. Pardey died in Philadelphia, Pa., March 3, 1865; Edwin Varrey was traveling the past season with Maggie Mitchell's Combination; Mrs. Atwood, we believe, is dead; Miss Isabella Andrews is in retirement; Mrs. W. C. Forbes, whose benefit was underlined for the following Monday, died in this city July 18, 1865.

FORBES' THEATRE.

W. C. Forbes.....Lessee and Manager

Last night of the engagement of the beautiful and talented

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
the Star of the West,

who will appear in the character of Milly the Maid with the Milking Pail, Henri St. Alme, Hamet Carmanly, Mathilde de Meric, in the drama of "The French Spy."

Messrs. E. P. Roys, J. D. Grace, E. Varrey and H. O. Pardey will appear.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 1856,

will be performed the comedietta of

MILLY THE MAID WITH THE MILKING PAIL.

Lord Philander.....Mr. Prior | Diccon.....Linden
Algernon.....Mr. Grace
Milly the Maid with the Milking Pail..Miss Maggie Mitchell

PAS SEUL.....MLLE. VIOLA.

To conclude with the celebrated drama of

THE FRENCH SPY, OR THE PALE OF ALGIERS.

Henri St. Alme, a young dumb French lancer } Miss
Hamet Carmanly, a wild Arab boy. } Maggie
Mathilde de Meric, a French lady..... } Mitchell
Col. De Courcy... L. P. Roys | Orasmin.....Bishop
Marshal Beaumont..... | Murad.....Fisher
.....McClannin | Debar.....Herbert
Major Didier.....H. W. Finn | Mme. Dubourg..Mrs. Atwood
Sergt. Dubourg..H. O. Pardey | Marie Dubourg,
Tony Bavard.....Linden | Miss Isabella Andrews
Ali Pasha.....E. C. Prior | Lisette.....Mrs. Wilber
Mohammed, a wild Arab, | Annette.....Mrs. Straham
..... K. Varrey | Justine.....Miss Stratham

ON MONDAY, BENEFIT OF MRS. W. C. FORBES.

Prices of Admission.—Dress circle, 37½c.—children under 12 years of age, 25c.; stage boxes, 50c.; parquet and family circle (or second tier of boxes), each 25c.; gallery, 12½c. Reserved seats in box, 12½c. extra will be charged; private boxes, $5 each.

The doors will be opened at a quarter before 7, and the performance will commence at quarter past 7 o'clock.

SOFTLY SMILES LOVE'S GOLDEN SUMMER.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Softly smiles love's golden Summer
On the valley of the heart,
Bidding Winter, dreary comer,
From its scenes afar depart;
Everywhere in radiant glory
Linger yet the magic hours,
Whisp'ring still the blissful story
Over all the paths of flowers.

Chorus.—Softly smiles love's golden Summer—
Smiles for you or smiles for me—
Gladly welcome, joyous comer,
Sweet as ever sweet can be.

Days may leave us, and their going
Wakens not one sad regret;
Have we not the sweet foreknowing
Of the bright hours left us yet?
Hope's bright sun still glimmers o'er us,
Bringing to us fondest bliss,
Life's one long, sweet dream before us—
What can ever equal this?

Chorus.—Softly smiles, etc.

THE OPENING
of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia.

J. H. Quinn Jr. of Memphis, Tenn., sends us the opening bill of the above theatre, a copy of which we append. Henry Nell Warner is now acting in Montreal, Canada; J. H. Vinson is in San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Charles Poole a short time ago was acting in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre; Miss Anna Maria Quinn, then an infant prodigy, is now residing in retirement in Memphis, Tenn.; Herr Strebinger, the leader of the orchestra, is now in this city.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Grand opening and inauguration of the Theatre Royal
ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1855,
under the sole management of MR. JOHN BLACK,

on which occasion the inaugural address from the pen of W. M. Akhurst, Esq., will be spoken by Mrs. Chas. Poole. The following celebrated artists will appear in the course of the evening:

MRS. CHARLES POOLE, from the London, Provincial and Continental Theatres, and late leading actress of the Theatres Royal, Dublin, Cork and Belfast.

MR. G. H. ROGERS, the Australian Comedian.

MR. J. H. VINSON, from the San Francisco Theatres, and late of the Metropolitan, San Francisco.

MR. HENRY NEIL WARNER, from the Provincial Theatres.

MME. STREBINGER, from the Academie Royale, Paris.

Also, for a limited number of nights, the highly celebrated juvenile actress,

MISS ANNA MARIA QUINN,

whose performances have created such immense sensation in America and Australian Colonies.

THIS EVENING, MONDAY, JULY 16, 1855,

will be produced Richard Brinsley Sheridan's fashionable comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle G. H. Rogers | Toby.....Mr. Bartlett
Sir Oliver Surface..C. Walsh | Snake.....Mr. Bertram
Crabtree.....A. Phillips | Servant to Sir Peter,
Charles Surface, H. N. Warner | Servant to Charles,
Joseph Surface, Mr. Burford | Mr. Wilson
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Servant to Joseph,
Mr. Russell | Mr. Thomas
Rowley.....Mr. Salem | Lady Teazle...Mrs. G. Poole
Moses.....Mr. McGowan | Mrs. Candour...Mrs. Chester
Trip.....Mr. Howden | Lady Sneerwell...Mrs. Moore
Careless.....Mr. Richardson | Maria.....Mrs. Thom
Sir Henri.....Mr. Byron | Maid, c.....Miss Black

OVERTURE by the Orchestra ("Der Freischutz").....Weber
FANTASIA ("Lucia di Lammermoor"), with solos.....Fessey
NATIONAL SPANISH DANCE ("La Saragossa").....
Madame Strebinger and Signor Carandini

To conclude with the laughable farce of

THE ACTRESS OF ALL WORK.

Maria.....Miss Anna Maria Quinn

Assuming six characters:

Luckey Stubbings, a country gawkey; Goody Stubbings, an old woman of sixty; Lady Careless, a fashionable actress; Lounge, a critical fop; Maria, a young lady. Mademoiselle Josephine, a French dancer.....

Manager.....Mr. J. Vinson | Frederick.....Mr. McGowan
Mrs. Alfred Phillips, Mr. Charles Poole, and Mr. Elsbee Shaw will appear in the course of the week.

Stage-manager.....Mr. Charles Poole
Conductor.....Mr. Thom
Leader.....Herr Strebinger
Scenic artist and Painter.....Mr. Horne and Assistants
Artists.....Messrs. Opie, Fry, Hay, Holmes, Walker and Wyatt
Prompter.....Mr. Hardy Oates
Machinist.....Mr. Renno of the Princess' Theatre, London
Decorations of the theatre.....R. E. Inman, Swanton st, Canfield.....Lawrid, Layton & Co.
Treasurer.....E. Doward

To avoid confusion on the opening night, the prices will be raised as follows: Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Upper Circle and Slips, 7s. 6d.; Pit, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. And on the following evening the prices will fall to the regular scale for the season. Tickets issued to the upper circle are pit. Doors open at half-past six; commence precisely at half-past seven. Box-office open from 11 till 4. N. B.—Carriages: Horses' heads towards Russell street.

NORAH MALONE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS SALLIE PARTINGTON.

Have you seen Norah, sweet Norah Malone,
Whose step was as light as the fawn's,
Whose eyes were as bright as the moonbeams white
That creep o'er the emerald lawns?
Have you heard the song of her guileless heart
Floating out on the morning air!
Or listened entranced to the low-lisped words
Of Norah Malone of Kildare?

Chorus.—Norah Malone, I'm dreaming of thee;
Sweetly and softly thy image I wear.
Believe me, thou art the world to me,
Sweet Norah Malone, the pride of Kildare.

And oh, have you smiled at her winning ways
As you clasped with a strange delight
Her fairy-like form and her faultless hand
Like a snowdrop, rounded and white?
But she lies alone in her chamber now,
A lily most pure and most rare,
And the only way she has left her town to rest—
Lost Norah Malone of Kildare.

Chorus.—Norah Malone, etc.

But I believe them not, though the folded hands
Rest on the pale, still breast;
For of all bright blossoms in all bright lands
She was the brightest and best;
And my heart is hungry, and knows full well
What miseries it may bear—
Is hungry and hopeless and heavy with sighs
For lost Norah Malone of Kildare.

Chorus.—Norah Malone, etc.

J. BANCROFT.

FLAGG & AYMAR'S CIRCUS in 1856.

N. J. Morton of Taunton, Mass., sends us an advertisement of the above show, a copy of which we append. Walter B. Aymar and Mrs. William Aymar are living; Arthur Sylvester is in retirement; Silas Baldwin died in Harrisburg, Pa., June 3, 1867; Paul Cane is living in retirement; George Knapp died in this city April 27, 1875.

FLAGG & AYMAR'S INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS,
AT TAUNTON, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856,
on the Randall Lot, School street.

Confessed by all the veteran managers and showmen in the United States to be the most extensive and attractive union of

ARTISTS AND HORSES

ever known in North or South America, independent of the triumphant fact that its

WHOLE PARAPHERNALIA

of sumptuous costumes, style of trappings and properties, chariots, cars, carriages and

IMPERIAL PAVILION

(the largest ever spread in America) are all
ENTIRELY NEW.

The entree into the principal towns and cities will be made at about 10½ in the morning, the glittering and highly picturesque procession being preceded by

THE SWAN CHARIOT OF MUSICIANS!

conveying the great band, led by their renowned Chief, HARRY GAUL. This band is admitted by the public to be the best in the United States. The chariot—crowned by two beautiful swans—will be drawn by

TEN GRAY SYRIAN STEEDS!

The hoss of this exquisite specimen of carriage-building are of snow white, blue and gold, they being the adopted colors of the establishment. Following will come the

ARTISTS IN THEIR UNIFORM VEHICLES,

fanciful ornaments and construction, and with model harnesses! Succeeding these will be

THE SPLENDID BODY CARS

of the cortege, containing the extensive baggage, etc., of the entire concern, the whole forming an eclipse pageant, for novelty, extent, beauty and completeness, challenging language to paint it in too highly wrought terms!

THE FAME OF THE ARTISTS—

male and female—precludes the necessity of a specification of their genius and attainments. They are known. Among them are the distinguished Mlle. Marianna, Mrs. Walter B. Aymar, Mrs. William Aymar, and Mrs. William M. Derr. Messrs. Walter B. Aymar, Arthur Sylvester, Masters John Derr, Eugene Fernando, Lewis Moer, Henry Harris, John Butler, Samuel Jackson, and the mysterious Silas Baldwin.

THREE CLOWNS

furnish the feast of mirth: W. Aymar, Mons. Cane, and George Knapp, the orator—successor to Hon. H. Clay.

PAGEANT PRESENTED.

Among the grand pageants will be the romantic Spanish spectacle, illustrative of a festal journey to Grenada after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain by the

KNIGHTS AND DAMES OF THE COURT OF SEVILLE.

See programme for a varied list of other great performances. Doors open at 1½ and 7½ o'clock. Admission, 25c. No half price.

BASEBALL.

MUTUAL vs. CINCINNATI.

The Brooklyn professionals commenced the campaign in the Queen City on Tuesday, July 11, when they carried the war into the enemy's camp in a way which astonished the friends of the home club, and which was altogether unexpected by themselves. At the close of the sixth inning the score stood 2 to 1 in favor of the Cincinnatis, the play up to that time having been exceedingly fine on both sides. But in the next inning the local team fairly laid themselves out for an exhibition of superior muffinism, and when the Mutuals went into the field again they had the best of their opponents by just six runs, none of which were earned. The way it came about was this. Sweazy started the disaster by muffing Nichols' easy fly. Holdsworth went out by a foul tip to Foley. Start's long fly to Jones in left centre was muffed. Treacy's safe hit to left filled the bases. Hallinan hit to Gould, who threw it home, although Nichols was right on the home plate. Craver followed with a two-base hit and cleared the bases, bringing home Start, Treacy and Hallinan. Hicks' easy grounder went right between Booth's legs, Booth's (of the Mutuals) and Kessler was muffed, and the bases were once more full. Mathews hit to centre for a base, and Craver and Hicks came home. The latter would have been caught at the home plate had not Foley muffed Fisher's throw from centre. Nichols' foul tipped out to Foley, and Holdsworth went out on a fly to Kessler. Neither side got a run thereafter.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Jones, l.f.	5	0	3	3	0	0	Hold'h, c.f.	5	0	1	2	0	1
Booth, 3d b	5	0	0	1	1	1	Start, 1st b	5	1	1	9	0	0
Gould, 1st b.	4	0	0	9	0	2	Treacy, l.f.	5	1	1	5	0	0
Kessler, s.s.	4	0	2	3	2	1	Hallinan, s.s	5	2	1	1	2	1
Dean, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0	Craver, 2d b.	4	1	1	5	0	1
Sweazy, 2d b	4	0	1	1	4	1	Hicks, c.	4	1	2	3	2	3
Foley, c.	4	0	1	6	0	3	Mathews, r.f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Fisher, c.f.	4	0	0	6	0	3	Nichols, 3d b	4	1	0	2	2	1
Snyder, r.f.	4	0	2	1	0	0							
Totals.	38	2	12	27	8	9	Totals.	40	8	10	27	8	6

Mutual	0	0	0	1	0	0	7	0	0–8
Cincinnati	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0–2

Run earned—Cincinnati, 1. First base on errors of opponents—Cincinnati, 2; Mutual, 4. Balls called—on Dean, 7; on Mathews, 16. Strikes called—on Dean, 15; on Mathews, 9. Bases on called balls—Dean, 1; Kessler, 1. Double play—Sweazy and Gould, 1. Two-base hits—Kessler, 1; Snyder, 1; Craver, 1; Hicks, 1. Umpire, Wm. Walker. Time, 2h. 40m.

ATHLETIC vs. LOUISVILLE.

The Athletics and Louisvilles played the fourth game of their series on the 11th inst., at Louisville, Ky., before a fair assemblage, about three hundred in all. The weather was very warm, and this, perhaps, affected the attendance. The Louisvilles made a run in their first inning, Devlin and Hague making safe hits, and the first-named coming home on Allison's out at first base, instead of on a strike, this erroneous decision by the umpire thus giving them a run. Meyerle led off for the Athletics in the second inning, with the best hit of the game—a heavy drive to left-centre for three bases, and by clever base-running he came home on Bird's high fly-foul that Snyder captured. In the sixth inning the Louisvilles again took the lead, good hits by Gerhardt, Devlin and Allison yielding two runs—one earned. The Athletics made their second and last run in the seventh inning, on Sutton's fine two-base hit, and a passed ball of Snyder's; while the Louisvilles in this inning made three runs, after Sutton had lost a chance for a double-play that would have blanked them, Ryan's pretty two-baser—just in the nick of time—sending home Sutton and Fennelly. In the inning the Athletics had the bases all filled, Coons, Zettlein and Force making good hits, when Fisler drove a terrific liner, that Hague, jumping, just managed to secure with his left hand, and, touching Coons, put out the side for a blank, this magnificent catch and double-play saving to the local team three runs. The Louisvilles failed to score in the last two innings, and the final result was their victory by a score of 6 to 2, for which the chief credit is due to Hague's catch and Ryan's hit. Both nines fielded exceedingly well and batted hard, the game in all respects being one of the very best of the season. Mr. Seward umpired very well.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, l.f.	5	0	0	2	0	0	Gerhardt, 1b	5	1	2	10	0	0
Force, s.s.	5	0	3	4	7	0	Devlin, p.	5	2	2	1	0	0
Fisler, c.f.	5	0	0	1	0	0	Hague, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Meyerle, 3d b	3	1	2	0	2	0	Allison, r. f.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Sutton, 2d b	3	0	1	2	3	1	Hastings, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Knight, 1st b	3	0	0	12	0	0	Fulmer, s.s.	5	1	1	0	4	0
Malone, c.	3	0	0	6	3	0	Somerville, 2b	4	1	1	2	7	1
Coons, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	Snyder, c.	4	1	0	7	0	0
Zettlein, p.	3	0	1	0	0	0	Ryan, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals.	34	2	8	27	14	2	Totals.	40	6	12	27	12	2

Athletic	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0–2
Louisville	1	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	0–6

Runs earned—Athletic, 1; Louisville, 2. Double-plays—Hague, 1; Somerville and Gerhardt, 1. Umpire, George Seward of the New Haven Club. Time, 2h. 15m.

THE LYNN (MASS.) TOURNAMENT.

On Monday, July 10, the sixth game in the prize amateur tourney at Lynn, Mass., was contested by the Fall River and Rhode Island Clubs, in which the rather unfortunate Providence boys were again beaten. Too much of a tax has been put upon their powers recently to admit of their doing justice to themselves.

FALL RIVER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	RHODE ISLAND.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	1	0	2	7	0	Brady, 2d b.	0	1	5	3	1
Canary, l.f.	0	0	1	0	0	Carpenter, p.	0	1	0	1	0
Egan, r. f.	0	1	4	3	0	Barry, r.	0	0	3	1	2
Muirie, s.s.	3	1	0	2	0	Shanley, l.f.	1	1	3	0	1
Oxley, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Start, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	0
Butler, p.	0	0	0	0	3	Turbidy, s.s.	0	0	1	2	2
McGonigle, c.	1	2	3	2	1	Hanlon, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Libby, 1st b.	0	2	13	0	0	Tobin, 1st b.	0	0	10	2	0
Whitney, 3d b.	0	1	3	1	0	Thomas, c.	0	0	4	2	1
Totals.	6	8	27	15	6	Totals.	3	5	27	17	12

Fall River	2	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	0–6
Rhode Island	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0–3

Umpire, Mr. Bradley of the Live Oak Club of Lynn. Time, 2h.

On the 12th inst. the seventh game was played, the Fall Rivers being this time taken into camp by the nine from Lowell, ten innings being necessary to do the job.

LOWELL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	FALL RIVER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, 1st b.	0	0	6	0	0	Crane, 2d b.	0	1	1	3	2
Weatherhead, 3d b	0	0	0	2	0	Canary, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Sellman, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	0	Egan, r. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Foley, p.	1	2	0	2	0	Muirie, s.s.	0	2	1	3	1
Sullivan, c.	2	0	7	2	1	Oxley, c. f.	0	2	2	0	0
Macullar, s.s.	0	0	1	3	0	McGonigle, c.	0	0	8	1	2
Blogg, l. f.	0	1	6	0	0	Libby, 1st b.	0	0	16	0	0
Firth, r. f.	0	0	0	1	1	Whitney, 3d b.	0	1	1	1	0
Toner, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0						
Totals.	3	4	30	9	4	Totals.	1	7	30	15	7

Lowell	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	3–3
Fall River	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0–1

Umpire, Mr. Foye of Chelsea. Time, 1h. 40m.

The Lowells and Tauntons were the contestants in the eighth game of the tournament, played July 13, which the former won by a single run.

LOWELL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	TAUNTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, 1st b.	2	1	7	1	1	Carpenter, p.	1	1	0	4	1
Weatherhead, 3d b	0	1	2	1	0	Woodbridge, 3d b	0	1	1	2	1
Sellman, 2d b.	1	0	4	2	2	Allen, r. f.	0	1	2	1	1
Foley, p.	1	1	1	5	0	Cocklin, c. f.	0	0	3	0	1
Sullivan, c.	1	1	5	0	0	Dixon, s.s.	0	0	2	3	0
Seward, c.	0	0	1	0	0	Hoye, 3d b.	0	1	3	1	0
Powers, s.s.	0	0	0	4	0	Householder, c.	0	0	7	3	4
Macullar, s.s.	0	1	4	0	1	Fitz, 2d b.	0	0	4	2	3
Blogg, l. f.	0	0	3	0	0	Bielaski, r. f.	0	1	0	2	0
Firth, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Clark, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Say, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0						
Totals.	4	7	27	12	7	Totals.	3	7	27	12	8

| | | | | | | | | |

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for the week ending 9 P.M., MONDAY, July 17.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mrs. J. R.
Arnold, Ella
Ashton, Mrs. S. G. 5c.
Adelino, Mlle. (with Emile Gorron)
Alexander, Sara (2) 5c.
Bland, Edith
Bonifice, Marie
Brown, Lottie
Bateman, Alice
Boquet, Mlle.
Bennet, Ida
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Brandon, Nellie
Bishop, Dora
Clifton, Minnie
Cooper, Bridget
Cooper, Ida E.
Cammara, Marie H. (2)
Cadona, Mrs H.
Cooke, Mrs. Wooda
Don, Laura
De Angelis, Sallie
Doyle, Minnie (late of West Indies)
Devere, Ida
Daly, Mrs. Blanche (3)
Durrell, Miss B. (burlesque "biz")
Duane, Fannie
De Bonnaire, Jeannette
Dunham, Mrs. Charles
Elberts, Kittie B.
Estelle, Katie
Eyeria, Mrs. L.
Eldridge, Lillie
Emerson, "Dollie"
Etta, Mlle. (contortionist) 6c.
French, Mamie
Fox, Mrs. Harry
Gray, Ada (3)
Geraldine, Madam
Gresse, Pauline
Gerson, Mad. (of Kirsily's Co.)
Girard, Miss A.
Galton, Mad. Pyne (2)
Gleason, Mrs. Alice
Haslam, Mrs. H.
Harrison, Mrs Harris H.
Hall, Laura (variety "biz")
Harland, Rose
Hamilton, May
Hall, Albertine
Hogan, Julia
Janauschek, Mad.
Fanny
Kellogg, Alice
Kemp, Alice
Knight, Fannie
Kennedy, Mrs. N. Palmer
Loder, Minnie
Lawrence, Lizzie
Lawrence, Mrs. Ada
Lacey, Lizzie
Lee, Rosa 5c.
Lipscomb, Sarah
La Verdi, Belle
Lurline, — (of T. Pastor's Co.)
Little, Minnie
Lopez, Madam
Milton, Clara (2)
Malvern, Tillie
Mordaunt, Marion
Monroe, Mrs. W. O.
May, Etta (song-and-dance)
Mitchell, "Dollie"
McGill, Sadie
Meinder, Mrs. J.
Miller, May
Murray, Ada (of Ada Gray's Co.)
Montrose, Belle
Montague, Miss F. S.
Narcross, Hallie
Nelson, Nellie M.
Neilson, Miss 5c.
Palmer, Minnie (2)
Putnam, Katie (2)
Powell, Amy
Phillips, Adelaide
Paul, Eugenie
Prior, Mrs. J. J.
Pezzuolo, Mlle.
Putnam's Manager, Katie
Putnam, Nellie
Rhodes, Mrs. M. E.
Roscoe, May
Sanford, Miss "Lon"
Swinburne, Marie
Stanley, Maude
Stoddard, May
Saroney, Nellie
Sanborne, Ada
Shepherd, Kittie
St. Clair, Ada (vocalist)
Stoneall, Mrs. Clara
Valade, Emilie
Webster, Florence
Watson, Mrs. Louisa
Wyndham, Alice
Wharton, Mrs. Carrie
Wilson, Julia
Waddell, Louisa
Webster, Florence
Whittingham, Mamie
Western, Lucille

GENTLEMAN'S LIST.

Ford, T. J.
Foote, Wm. (of N. O. Minst.)
Fisher, Chas. E.
Fish, F. C. (of Delmain & Fish)
Forbes, Chas.
Gulick, James T.
Gerard's, The
Garateque, Jos. (2)
Gilbert, Jas. M. (2)
Gerry, D. S. (2)
Gillman, Frank
Girard, E. (of Gerard Bros.)
Goodwin, John (agent)
Gaston, Albert
Gullit, Geo. G.
Gary, Harry W.
Grisel, Louis R.
Gray, Geo. (of May Fisk's Co.)
Godwin, N. G.
Gaylor, Geo. W.
Gaynor, Wm.
Gribie, Chas. B.
Gavett, Jos. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Gardner, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Gilbert, J. Y.
Guy Family
Garnett, F. (of New Park Thea. Co.)
Giovani, Mr.
Gregory, J.
Howson, Frank A.
Harland, Paul
Hickey, — (of Howe's Cir.) (2)
Henderson, A. (vocalist) (2)
Pierson, H. (walking-gent)
Pillot, Fred. J. (2)
Holtz, Alfred (2)
Patterson, W. H.
Pierce, Wm.
Peaters, J. (of F. A. Vincent's Co.)
Poole Brothers
Potter, W. J.
Pelton, Augustus
Price, Mark M.
Phoite, John
Perkins, Frank
Porter, John H.
Roe, Henry Wm. (2)
Reynler, W. G.
Ryan, Sami. E.
Raymond, Jno. T.
Rubini, P.
Reignold, Geo.
Richard, G. E.
Rivers, C. H.
Robinson, Harry
Rogers, J. H.
Riker, "Tony"
Roberts, N. D.
Roser, Blackston
Ransom, John
Regan, Thos. (of Wallack Com. Co.)
Robinson, Jos.
Robinson's Minst.)
Rhodes, Daniel
Ryman, Adel.
Rankin, McKee
Reed, Thos. K. (2)
Rowe, C. C.
Richards, G. (of the Worrell Co.)
Ross, Patrick
Smith, Chas. (press agent)
Shields, J. (late of Rice's Cir.)
Spencer, Chas.
Stubbs, Stokes
Seymour, Harry G.
Stutz, J. G. (2)
Straight, "Ned"
Stowe, Frank (show "biz")
Sheridan, W. (of Sheridan Bros.)
Sprague, D. J.
Sprague, Ned (of Georgia Minst.)
Sadler, Thomas (comed.)
Stiles, John
Shepard, B. (of N. O. Minst.) (2)
Sexton, M. C.
Stout, J. H.
Stephens, James W.
Sydney, Geo. R.
Searles & Biggs
Snell, J. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Scales, Arch.
Strong, D. A.
Slavin, J. H.
Seymour, Edson
Swonsbourne, C.
Stevens, R. S.
Searles, A. H.
Spaulding, W. P.
Stanley, Ernest
Sanyeah, Saml.
Smith, Fox
Sutherland, W. R.
Soldene, Edwin
Sprii, —
Sellon & Byrns
Swift, E. A.
Taylor, Prof. E. T.
Templeton, John
Thompson, John
Thorne, J. H.
Thompson, John A.
Victorelli, H. (2)
Volks Family
Van Wormer, Geo.
Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Wade, Fred.
Winnetis, Thos. & Lotta
Webb, J. H.
White, Chas. T.
Wildman, F. J. (2)
White, Fred. (musician)
Willis, Rich. (cornetist)
Wilson, J. (of Robinson's Cir.)
White & Turner's Dram. Co.)
Warren, Fred.
Wallace, H. (with Kelly & Leon)
Wells, Geo. (late of Post Off., Phila.)
Wingfield, John (2)
Washburn, F. W.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Wells, Chas. B.
Worley, Chas. E.
Ward, B.
Ward, J. M.
Winship, George
Wallace, Jos. C.
Welling, Wm. H.
Welsh, T.
Young, Chas. W.

Murphy, J. C. ("horse", etc.)
Mitchell, Wm ("fire-king")
Maryon, Theophilus
Morris, F. (of Howes & C. Cir.)
Marsden, E. (musician) (2)
McCann, P. (of Ryan & McCann)
Misco, Thos. E.
Mack, J. H. (manager)
Miles, Patrick
Morris, F. (of Cook's Circus)
Maginley, B. B.
Noon, — (late of Comique, Detroit)
Nelson, Arthur
Nelson, H. (late of De Bar's)
Newcombe, Robert
Nelson, H.
Nichols, H. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Norton, F. H.
Nonnan & Alice Bateman, Wm.
Noyes, Frank
Oliver, H.
Ogden, J. E.
Pringle, C. W.
Primrose, Thomas
Peters, Geo.
Pope, Joseph R.
Pontine, H. C.
Perah, Frank
Parker, Louis
Pattens, M.
Padget, J. C.
Pearsall, Jas. H. (half-and-half)
Addresses Unclaimed.

Ada Clare's Co.)
Bateman, Mrs. Kate
Bateman, Miss Virginia
Bateman, Mrs. H. L.
Bateman, Miss Ellen
Bateman, Miss Isabel
Bateman, Miss Hattie
Bateman, Miss Kate
Bateman, Miss Pauline
Bateman, Miss Leonora
Bateman, Miss Agnes
Bateman, Miss Maud
Bateman, Miss Florence
Bateman, Miss Sydney
Bateman, Miss Grace
Bateman, Miss Edith
Bateman, Miss Alice
Bateman, Wm.
Bateman, Geo. A.
Bateman, Mrs. Geo. A.
Bateman, Miss Geo. A.
Bateman, Miss Geo. A.
Bateman, Miss

SIGNORA SPELTERINA, who on July 8 crossed the Niagara River at the same point that Blondin crossed on his second passage, repeated her performance July 12. The rope used was two and a quarter inches in diameter, of the best manilla, and weighed nearly a ton. It was held taut by some fourteen hundred pounds of guy-ropes, and the sag did not exceed twenty feet. The lady was attired in a green bodice, a scarlet tunic, flesh-colored tights, and green boots. The gorge where the trip was made is about 800 feet across, and the banks are about 200 feet above the water. She made the passage in about eleven minutes, and after a rest of ten minutes she started on her return trip, pausing in the centre and resting temporarily upon one knee, and posing when near the bank for the purpose of having her picture taken. On July 12 she made one passage with her feet encased in baskets, and on her return she walked backward, crossing in about ten minutes. She purposes continuing her exhibitions once or twice a week.

ED. P. BRITT impersonated Humpty Dumpty in a parade of Fantastics in Utica, N. Y., July 4.

CAPITOL THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., can be rented by applying to G. Oppenheim, who advertises.

SIGNORINA MARIA SPELTERINI, the tight-rope performer, will conclude her exhibitions over the Niagara Rapids about July 20, after which she will be open for dates at theatres or gardens. See Edward Fox's card.

A BLACK EAGLE is offered for sale by Ed. Dunn, who advertises.

TWO YOUNG LADIES desire an engagement as stated in Miss Potter's card.

W. R. WATERS, song and sketch writer, etc., can be addressed as per card.

A STEREOPTICON, with one hundred and twenty-five views of California, is advertised for sale by David Shea.

MOGUL & STRONG'S MIRROR OF IRELAND and Comedy Company is announced to appear at the Mechanics' Institute, St. John, N. B., on or about July 31.

INSTRUCTIONS for performing several magical illusions can be purchased of F. W. Beckwith, who advertises.

SPRING TRAPS for throwing glass balls, the invention of Ira A. Paine, can be found fully advertised in another column. They were further referred to in the city department of our last issue.

LOUIS DAVIS, leader at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., publishes a card, denying the report of his having been married.

HARRY LESLIE is giving exhibitions of tight-rope walking at Rockaway, L. I.

KENT'S THEATRICAL HOSIERY ESTABLISHMENT can be found advertised in another column.

M. B. COWLES, advance-agent, late with the New Orleans Minstrels, can be addressed for an engagement as per advertisement.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER COMBINATIONS can find dates at the Norfolk (Va.) Opera-house by applying to Harry Watkins, as per advertisement.

A FLYING HORSE MACHINE is advertised for sale by Preling Wood.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"CORINNE," an "original romantic play," in four acts, by Robert Buchanan, was first acted at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng., June 26, when that establishment was opened for a Summer season, under the management of Mrs. Fairfax. *The Era* publishes this notice:

Mr. Buchanan introduces to our notice a member of an artistic profession who is persecuted by the Church, and refused the rites of marriage. We also hear of another who has been denied the rites of burial, but we look in vain for any representatives of "the greatest and noblest minds in France," unless, indeed, our old acquaintance Marat and his butchers are to be included in the category. This same Marat is described through the medium of his representative as something between a genius and a wild beast—and we are inclined to think that the larger half in the composition is beast and not genius. Another of the "greatest and noblest minds" is Raoul Kecamier, the brother to the heroine, and an enthusiastic Republican, whose watchword appears to be "death to the aristocracy and bread for the poor." It is this same brother who violently opposes the connection between his sister, Corinne the actress, and the gallant and aristocratic Victor de Beauvoir, who, before the story has proceeded far, becomes still more hateful to Raoul by inheriting the title of Comte de Caivador. The Comte, however, swears fidelity, and, until we find him at the altar with the woman whose heart he has won, we imagine him to be the very soul of honor. His fear of the Church, however, is stronger than his love, and to the stern command thundered forth from the sacred steps by the Archbishop of Paris, and couched in words which tell him that, although she may be his paramour, she may not be his wife, he yields obedience. For poor Corinne has incurred the displeasure of the profligate Abbe De Larose by rejecting with scorn his shameful proposals, and against those high functionaries even the honest priest upon whose lips the blessing he would pronounce upon her union is arrested is powerless to protect her. It is not long, however, ere the Comte repents and blames himself for being frightened by the threats of an ecclesiastic, and for listening to the jeers and taunts and sneers of his proud and haughty connections. But when next the lovers meet the circumstances are very unpropitious. Corinne, wandering in the gardens of the Chateau De Larose—the very spot we imagine she would have avoided—sees through the window her husband—for her union, Victor is, notwithstanding that their union has been denied the sanction of the Church—reveling with Marat, who, strange to say, is accepted as a boon companion in an aristocratic circle. Her fears are awakened when her friend she prizes tells her that Victor is a doomed man; her jealousy is aroused when she sees him conversing with a pretty Countess, and apparently forgetful of his past vows, and when Victor himself comes forth the misunderstanding still further increased. For Corinne was a party to listen to the infamous avowals of the Abbe De Larose, and Victor, altogether unmindful of his shabby treatment of the lady at the altar of Notre Dame, suspects her of infidelity and heaps upon her unoffending head the severest of reproaches. What wonder that, in the bitterness of despair, and with the memory of her wrongs fresh upon her, she breaks the intuitive vow, and, seizing the "Book of Liberty," calls down upon him and his high-born associates the curse of the Revolution! But we have yet to see how true a woman's love, and how her anger fades when danger threatens the object of her affection. The Abbe De Larose is sent to speedy execution by the rough-and-ready method of which Marat prefers a taste—a fate seems in store for Victor. Corinne is called as a witness against him. She does not shrink from the ordeal. She fervently denounces him, and demands justice. But Corinne is acting a part to save her husband's life. When sentence is pronounced she protests that death is too good a fate for a man so base. "Shall I tell you, me," she cries; "I'll break his heart as my heart was broken. I was his victim; he shall be my slave." Here we make a very near approach to the ridiculous, for the thought inevitably arises that poor Victor for the remainder of his days will be henpecked, and that Corinne will become a very powerful representative of the Woman's Rights question. Marat and his companions, however, make no objection, and when husband and wife are left alone to express mutual forgiveness, poor Corinne is suddenly seized with illness, and dies with hysterics just within her grasp. From this sketch of the story it will be seen that in the drama there is much to interest, and it is only fair to say that the work boasts some display of high literary excellence (minute), however, with some that is very artificial; and that several of the scenes are thoroughly dramatic.

Mrs. Fairfax was the heroine, Henry Forrester appeared as Raoul, Charles Warner as Victor, Forbes Robertson as the Abbe, and E. Atkins as Marat.

"THE DRESS-COAT," a piece by Frank Green, was produced for the first time on June 29, at the Strand, London, Eng., and is said to be a very well written and diverting little piece. The plot may be described in these words:

A pretty damsel called Alice, paying a visit to some provincial friends, who is persecuted by the Church

TERMS.

Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $3.00 in advance, including postage, to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra.

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents is made from each yearly subscription.

Advertising under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extra rates for dailies papers, incorporated in news department, 25 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

MOZART HALL,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
New, neat, and commodious. Open for engagements on favorable terms. No license. Patronage good. Approached by railroad from all directions.
11-30* N. L. BAKER, Agent.

BOARDING.—A few select transient boarders can be accommodated at MRS. HALL'S Private Boarding-house, where they can have first-class rooms and board on reasonable terms. 69 Grant street, Pittsburg, Pa. 11-26*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
SHAMOKIN, PA.
Fine new hall. Abundance of finest scenery. Ample stage and dressing-room accommodations, with gas, etc. CAPACITY ABOUT 700.
Population about twelve thousand. A prosperous city. High order of entertainments appreciated. 16-13t

CIRCUS LIGHTS.
KIDDER'S
PATENT LIGHTS,
PRICES REDUCED,
are the
CHEAPEST, BEST AND MOST DURABLE.
SOLE AGENTS,
TAYLOR & BASSEMIR,
37 Cliff street, N. Y.
1 Ly*

GLOBE THEATRE,
BOSTON.
This theatre will be to let for any dramatic or musical performances during the ten weeks from and including June 19 to August 26, 1876.
For particulars address
ARTHUR CHENEY,
8-tf Manager and Proprietor.

SPRINGFIELD OPERA-HOUSE.
SPRINGFIELD, MO.
First-class in every respect. Full set of fine scenery, 100 opera chairs, 400 plain chairs, brilliantly lighted with gas. To let to first-class attractions,
DRAMATIC, VARIETY OR MINSTRELS.
Terms: LOW RENT OR SHARE. For further particulars apply to J. NEWTON, as above.
This is a good town for a first-class performance.
8-13t SELDEN IRWIN.

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—A variety of very elegant Illusions, Punch-and-Judy Figures and Ventriloquial Heads, always on hand. Kolarged Wizard's Wonderful Cabinet, chock-full of wonders; six tricks and instructions for sixteen others, with Magician's Opening and Closing Speeches. Five by mail for 25c. Dungeon Rope Trick, 7c. Inclose stamp for price-lists, or 15c. for new illustrated 48-page catalogue. Address
5-13t* W. J. JUDD, 131 Henry street, N. Y.

FRONT-STREET THEATRE
FOR RENT
This popular theatre, located in Baltimore City, is now OFFERED FOR LEASE.
It is worthy the attention of the profession. Bids, accompanied with reference, prior to the 15th of July, will receive attention. Address
SECRETARY OF THE
MARYLAND THEATRE COMPANY,
15-3t* Baltimore Post-office, Md.

A GOOD MORAL
THEATRICAL COMPANY
can make favorable arrangements for obtaining the lease of Harmonic Hall, Wilkesbarre, Pa., for the season. Hall 64x160ft., with capacity for seating 1,500 persons. For particulars address HENRY WEISS, Proprietor Harmonic Hall and Garden, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

MAGIC TRICKS.—MAGIC CARD Trick, Siberian Mystery, Second-sight Trick, Oracle Trick, Magic Egg Trick, Knot and Ring Trick, and two new Puzzles. The entire lot for 25 cents. QUEEN & CO., 3 Block street, Shoeham, Mass. 7-13t*

ODDFELLOWS' OPERA-HOUSE.
FROSTBURG, MD.
Just finished and for rent. The largest and most convenient hall in Maryland outside of Baltimore, except the Cumberland Academy. Entirely new stage, scenery, and furniture; convenient dressing and baggage rooms; in the centre of a population of six thousand; close to the best hotels; seating capacity, 800. Address CENTENNIAL HALL. 7-13t*

TO PROFESSIONALS VISITING BOSTON.—Nicely furnished Room, with first-class Table Board, can be obtained at 1,050 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Horse-cars and stages pass the door to all the Theatres. Address MRS. S. H. KIMBALL. 6-13t*

"SEE THAT MY GRAVE'S KEPT GREEN" sung with great success by D. S. Wambold's "SUNBURNED AND DARK" Maccaire; "MY WIFE'S SO AWFULLY THIN," "MISS GRUBER'S BOARDING-HOUSE," Gus Williams, 35c. each.
FREDERICK BLUME,
removed to 901 Broadway, N. Y.,
5-13t* two doors above 17th street.

SKETCHES (NEGRO AND VARIETY), Sensational and Specialty Dramas, Stump Speeches, Gags, Songs (serious and comic), Acts, Farces, Burlesques, etc., written to order by I. DAVEAU, 116 South First st., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. 12-tf

REDUCTION!
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.,
25 per cent.
FOR THE
SUMMER SEASON,
8-13t* COMMENCING MAY 15TH.

UNION HALL,
GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.
Has a seating capacity of 800, good stage, 4 private boxes, and dressing-rooms. Union Hall is new, and in finish is equal to any in Northern New York. Will be rented by the night or week. Lighted and heated, and seated with good chairs. 8-13t*

H. MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, PHILADELPHIA, Nos. 720, 722, 724, 726 VINE STREET. The finest Variety and Concert place.
Only first-class artists. Artists wanted every week.
HENRY MILLER,
17-13t Proprietor.

PROFESSOR MOREY,
THE GREAT AMERICAN MAGICIAN,
IS AT
80 HIGH STREET, LAWRENCE, Mass. 1-20t*

SOUTH ADAMS, MASS. COLLINS HALL. With scenery, gas; accommodates 600; 200 reserved seats; 5,000 inhabitants; manufacturing town; terms reasonable. Address ISAAC COLLINS. 8-13t*

WESTERN MAGICAL REPOSITORY.
SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUES.
7-13t* L. FISHER, 147 Milton st., Cincinnati, O.

CITY HALL,
LEWISTON, MAINE.
This is a new hall, facing the Park, located on three streets, and is one of the best halls in New England. Will seat 2,500. Large and commodious stage, with all modern improvements. Is and a full set of scenery. Brilliantly lighted with gas, and furnished with every convenience to make it first-class. Thirty per cent. reduction from last year's prices. For dates and particulars address
10-26t* CITY HALL, Lewiston, Me.

STEREOPTICON AND SLIDES WANTED. S. JAMES, care of CLIPPER Office, N. Y. 14-5t*

WENONA OPERA-HOUSE
will be ready for opening in August.
WILL SEAT ABOUT 800.
IS LIGHTED WITH GAS, HAS GOOD SCENERY, commodious stage and dressing-rooms. Wenona is in the Saginaw Valley, has a population of 3,500, and good entertainments will be liberally patronized. Address FISHER & NORRINGTON, Wenona, Mich. 14-4t

MAGIC MANUFACTORY, the best and cheapest in the world. Send 15cts., or 3cts for price-list. 13-13t* THOS. W. VOST, 28 N. 9th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

HOOLEY'S
MINSTRELS,
NEW CHICAGO THEATRE,
CHICAGO, ILL.
The season of 1876-77 will open on or about Aug. 14. Strictly first-class Minstrel Talent may apply at once to
WM. H. SMITH, Business-manager,
Sinclair House, City.
Wanted, a strictly first-class Stage-manager and Interlocutor; also Female Impersonator. 16-tf

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, CLEVELAND, O. This well-known and popular theatre is now undergoing thorough renovation and repairs, which will, when completed, make it one of the best fitted and furnished establishments in the West. It will be ready for occupancy on August 15, 1876. Combinations and traveling companies are solicited, and will be dealt with on favorable terms. Early application for time during the season of 1876-77 is desired. For further particulars address
16-2t R. H. GEARY, Academy of Music, Cleveland, O.

GEBEST'S GARDEN,
Madison, Ind.
Wanted, suitable attractions at all times.
SPECIALTY, SKETCH ARTISTS
AND VOCALISTS PREFERRED.
16-2t* Address E. GEBEST.

FOR SALE,
LARGE, MAGNIFICENT RELIGIOUS PANORAMA, in complete order, with Portable Gas Machine, frame-work and drapery complete. Painting 10 by 18 feet. For particulars address WILSON PEIRSON,
16-3t* East Stroudsburg, Monroe Co., Pa.

ARMORY HALL,
BIG RAPIDS, MICH.
This new and elegant Hall is now ready for business. It is 60x132ft.: stage, 32x40ft., with new and elegant scenery (all flats), four dressing-rooms, and
SEATING CAPACITY 1,000.
Well ventilated and lighted. Hall located in centre of city of 4,000 inhabitants, and on ground floor. Baggage unloaded from teams directly upon stage floor. Address
16-4t CAPT. B. F. BRAZEE, P. O. Box 210.

WANTED
FOR THE SEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR
of the
SELDEN IRWIN COMBINATION,
TO TRAVEL WEST AND SOUTH,
COMMENCING
ON OR ABOUT AUG. 21,
a good juvenile man, capable of playing a portion of leading business; a genteel heavy man, first old man or character actor, juvenile lady and soubrette, capable of singing preferred—must be young and attractive.
None desired but LADIES and GENTLEMEN, SOBER and of good repute, and capable of holding the above positions in good theatres.
Apply, stating lowest terms, and please consider silence a negative. SELDEN IRWIN,
17-14* Springfield, Mo.

RAY FANKHAUSER,
BILLPOSTER, ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA.
P. O. Drawer 1,218. All orders promptly attended to. [17-1t*

WALKING GENTLEMEN or LIGHT COMEDY. FRED FENTON
would like to engage for the season of 1876-77. Good wardrobe. Six years' experience in England and California. Address [17-2t*] care of COL. T. ALSTON BROWN.

WANTED, A TRAPEZE AERONAUT without a Balloon. Address PROF. F. EASTMAN,
17-2t* Arcadia, Macon Co., Ill.

TO MANAGERS.—A POSITION WANTED as Assistant Agent, Agent, Treasurer or Business-manager with a first-class Variety Theatre, Opera, or Dramatic Star, by a man of 15 years' experience and undoubted references. Address WILLIS, Box 115, Cambridge, Mass. 17-1t*

ROBERT RUSSELL,
ADVANCE AGENT, is now at liberty. Reliable managers address him at BELMONT, Allegany, Co., N. Y. 17-1t*

WANTED,
TWO OR THREE YOUNG MEN,
GOOD DRESSERS,
SOBER AND RELIABLE.
SALARIES LOW, BUT SURE.
Address
J. H. TURNER,
Manager N. Y. Theatre,
17-1t* Walkerton, St. Joe Co., Ind.

W. G. SHINE,
FIRST WALKING GENT.
Address his agents, SIMMONDS & WALL, or 608 Pennsylvania avenue, S. E.,
17-2t* Washington, D. C.

DO BE CAREFUL
is sung with immense success by
FANNIE KENT,
and always brings an encore. She will also sing
DON'T YOU DO IT.
TWO TAKING SONGS, 20c. EACH.
15-13t* ROE STEPHENS, Detroit, Mich.

CAPE MAY ENGAGEMENTS.
SEA-BREEZE THEATRE,
CAPE MAY, N. J.
Manager.....ISAAC C. COVERT
The most fashionable and best patronized watering-place in the U. S.
Possessing the largest hotels in the world, the actual number of visitors during the season never being less than 30,000.
THE SEA-BREEZE THEATRE
is fitted up with entirely new scenery and appointments.
Open dates for first-class entertainments of all kinds in July and August. Good show terms and expenses guaranteed. Address ISAAC C. COVERT,
Sea-breeze Theatre,
17-1t* Cape May, New Jersey.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE HALL, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, centrally located, thoroughly fitted up, seats 1,000 persons comfortably. Charge only fifteen dollars per night. Population of St. John, 45,000. Engagements solicited. Apply to the Curator, or to T. E. HANINGTON, Secretary, at St. John, N. B. 17-13t

LYCEUM HALL, LEWISTON, ME. Prices reduced to suit the times, with liberal inducements. Most popular hall in Lewiston on account of its central location. Centrally located for both Lewiston and Auburn. Will seat 1,200. Every seat a good one. Convenient stage, with full set of scenery, and four anterooms. This hall is attractive, new and first-class in every respect. CHARLES HORBURY, Janitor and City Billposter. Address Agent, Lyceum Hall Company. 13-26t*

CIRCUS COMPANIES,
THEATRICAL, MINSTREL AND
OPERA TROUPES AND ARTISTS
furnished with favorable rates on Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw Railway and connections on application to
H. C. TOWNSEND,
13-26t* Gen'l Passenger Agent, Peoria, Ill.

JOHNSON'S CRYSTAL CAVE MUSIC HALL VARIETIES. The only place of amusement in Atlantic City, N. J. First-class female artists wanted every week. J. C. JOHNSON, proprietor. [14-4t*

BEDFORD HALL,
BEDFORD, PA.
within a mile of the celebrated Bedford Springs.
SEASON GOOD THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.
Connection made at Huntingdon, Pa., R. R., and at Bridgeport on the Pittsburg and Connellsville R. R. This town is suitable for
SMALL TROUPES OR SINGLE PERFORMERS.
The present proprietor has just purchased the property, and is willing to do all he can for the success of parties renting. Terms very easy. Address
Proprietor of Hall,
14-5t* Bedford, Pa.

WASHBURN'S NEW HALL, YONKERS, N. Y.—This new and elegant hall, just completed, well ventilated; complete set of scenery; practical gas, lit by electricity; stage, 42x24; large and commodious dressing-rooms; seating capacity, 1,000; population, 20,000. For terms apply to W. F. WASHBURN,
12-13t* Box 7, Yonkers, N. Y.

R. P. FARREN, SCENIC ARTIST, at present with Wm. Nannary's Company at St. John, N. B., is prepared to engage for next season.
12-13t* Address Academy of Music, St. John, N. B

GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE
GALVESTON, TEXAS.
J. R. HALESY & CO.....Proprietors
DAN J. SPRAGUE.....Business and Stage Manager
WANTED FOR THE OPENING
of the above new and beautiful theatre, ARTISTS in every BRANCH OF THE VARIETY PROFESSION. Season to commence on Saturday, September 30, 1876. Address all business communications to DAN J. SPRAGUE,
10-17t* 19 Bond street, New York City.

LIFTING-MACHINES, LUNG-TESTERS, and STRIKING-MACHINES. The best and most perfect Machines; solid brass, with silver-plated trimmings, finished in the best manner, and perfect in every respect. Prices reduced. Send stamp for descriptive price-list. E. G. SMITH,
11-13t* No. 9 Merrill's Court, Lowell, Mass.

NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, POTTSVILLE, PA.
Unsurpassed in the United States for acoustics and beauty; seating capacity, 1,200. Architect, Edwin Forrest Durang. Scenic-artist, Richard S. Smith. Heated with steam. To rent. Apply to L. F. WHITNEY, Treasurer. 1-18t*

WOOD'S MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA, TO LET,
to a responsible manager for a term of years. Museum well stocked with curiosities. Stage appointments complete. For particulars address P. DOYLE,
13-tf No. 20 South 6th st., Philadelphia.

CONCERT HALL,
CARTHAGE, JEFFERSON COUNTY, NEW YORK.
Capacity, 500; entrance from sidewalk into portico; then 2 wide stairways, 10 steps, through 2 wide doors, into hall. 3 railroad lines meet here. For printed details, address postal card to CONCERT HALL,
15-13t* Carthage, N. Y.

MISS DORA ST. CLAIR
is at liberty to engage for first
WALKING LADIES AND CHAMBERMAIDS
or season of 1876-77; also Summer season. Address WASHINGTON, D. C. 13-13t*

D. S. GIBBONOISE, BOSS CONTORTIONIST, can be engaged. Biz: Aerial rings, lact; wonderful contortions, 2 acts; entres and procession. Address care of CLIPPER. 15-4t*

TO MANAGERS.
A. B. ROSSTON
CAN BE ENGAGED
AS GENERAL OR ASSISTANT
AGENT,
FOR SEASON 1876.
DIRECT LA PIERRE HOUSE,
16-2t* Philadelphia, Pa.

MAXWELL HOTEL, 174 BLEECKER street, N. Y., centrally located, near Broadway; convenient to street cars running to all parts of the city; large, airy rooms; first-class table; $1.50 and $2 per day, $6 to $10 per week. 16-4t*

PERFORMING BIRDS,
ALSO
PERFORMING DOGS,
WANTED.
Address, stating particulars and price, T. WELCH,
16-2t* care of CLIPPER office.

THOS. H. DEWITT,
LEADER OF ORCHESTRA
and solo alto in band. Last season with Bryant's Minstrels. Is at liberty for the coming season. Address
16-2t* AMERICAN HOUSE, Jamestown, N. Y.

MASONIC TEMPLE, NASHVILLE, TENN. J. O. MILSON, lessee. Just Refinished. Everything Entirely New. Dress-circle and parquet with patent folding chairs; family circle with handsome chairs. Inclined seats, new drop-curtain, new scenery, new stage. Seating capacity, 1,200. The most elegant and complete theatre in the State. Rent low, or liberal sharing terms. For terms, dates, etc., apply to WM. KING, Nashville, Tenn. Refer to Adelaide Phillipps Opera Troupe, John T. Ford (Edwin Booth Co.), Maggie Mitchell, Furbish's Fifth-avenue Co., Hall's Combination, Harrigan and Hart, Bryant's, Kelly & Leon's, Harry Robinson's, Cal Wagner's, and other minstrel troupes. 1-51t*

FOR SALE, 2 COMIC SOCIETY plays, one gentleman star; first-class company. Address N. L. P., 596 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. 16-2t*

AIKEN COMBINATION.
I NEVER WAS IN
MR. AIKEN'S EMPLOY.
THE MOLLY MAGUIRES
was dramatized expressly for me, delivered to me, copyrighted by me, and played by me. My lawyers will take care of my interest. [17-1t*] G. C. CHARLES.

WANTED, FOR THEATRE, MAN WITH $50 TO $100. Address BOSTONIAN, Dunkirk, N. Y. 17-1t*

A YOUNG CLARIONET PLAYER, who will play B-flat cornet, or E-flat alto in band, desires a situation to travel. Address J. C. HOWARD, Cadiz, O. *

CRYSTAL VARIETIES,
14 NEWARK AVENUE, JERSEY CITY.
First-class male and female performers wanted every week. Salaries must be low, as they are sure. Address
17-1t* HARRY HEALEY, Stage-manager.

THE GREAT 4.
Jerry Dashington, J. W. Dashington, Johnny Maywood, Billy Dashington, late of Dashington Brothers, end-men, Irish and negro comedians, comic singers, clog, song-and-dance and wench business. Dancing and other specialties. Address care of CLIPPER Office. 17-1t*

TO LET,
THE CAPITOL THEATRE, ALBANY, N. Y.,
for the coming season or longer. Is well stocked with Scenery, Props., etc., etc. Saloon and Costumers' Store underneath. Inquire of G. OPPENHEIMER. 17-tf

FRANK E. WADE, TENOR-SINGER, Flutinist, Organo phonic-soloist, etc., late of English troupes, is open for engagement. Address 2,131 Kater street, Philadelphia, Pa. 17-1t*

A GRAND COMBINATION.
All members having claims against the manager, please send their accounts, as I am in a position to lessen the amount of indebtedness.
WM. H. BRENT,
Manager and Proprietor.
N. B.—I wish it to be distinctly understood that MISS ADA GRAY was in no way whatever connected in the management of said combination, merely playing on percentage. I am personally responsible for all back salary due members of the late Ada Gray Combination.
WM. H. BRENT,
17-3* Welland House, St. Catherines, Ont.

W. E. SHERIDAN
AND MAMIE SHERIDAN
are disengaged for next season. Address for the Summer to "THE ARK," Kinka Lake, Penn Yan, N. Y. 17-1t*

BANJO Elegant Stage and Solo Banjos, Fine Guitars, Tamborines, Bones, Strings, etc. A new collection of banjo music, by the simplified method, including the "Blue Danube Waltz," and 22d Regt. March. Price $5. Send for pamphlet and price-list. George C. Dobson, 1,107 Washington st., Boston, Mass. 16-tf

DOC W. H. SMITH,
Contracting and Advertising Agent,
having just closed a successful engagement of FIVE YEARS with the Heywood Brothers' Combination, is
NOW AT LIBERTY TO ENGAGE
with responsible managers for the coming season. Understands thoroughly every detail of the business,
IS A WORKER,
and proffers his services at
FIGURES SUITED TO THE TIMES.
Address for two weeks
17-1t* HUBBARDSTON DEPOT, MASS.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
Richmond Sisters,
JOSIE AND LULU,
CHAMPION
LADY SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS OF AMERICA,
are now rusticating at Atlantic City for the Summer. Open at the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, Aug. 28. Managers, address all communications to Arctic House. 17-1t*

THE HEROINE OF NIAGARA.
LA SIGNORINA MARIA
SPELTERINI,
THE QUEEN OF THE ROPE
WILL CONCLUDE HER EXHIBITIONS OVER
THE NIAGARA RAPIDS
ABOUT THE 20th OF JULY.
For dates in first-class theatres or gardens, address
EDWARD FOX, Business-manager,
Care of SIMMONDS & WALL,
17-1t Union square, New York City.

W. T. DULANY,
(LATE OF VARIETIES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS), wishes to engage for Old Men or Heavies for the season of 1876-77. Address W. T. DULANY,
17-1t* Winn, Pendleton Co., Ky.
Care REV. JAMES DAVIES.

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
Proprietor and Manager.....ROBERT FOX
Business-manager.....WOOD BENSON
Applicants for dates in all branches of the variety, dramatic, burlesque and acrobatic business to be made personally or by letter to ROBERT FOX,
American Theatre, Chestnut street, above Tenth,
[16-tf] Philadelphia.
ARTISTS APPLYING FOR ENGAGEMENTS WILL PLEASE SEND THEIR PRIVATE ADDRESS OR HOTEL AT WHICH THEY ARE STOPPING.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
the finest opera-house west of N. Y. City. Capacity, 1,800. Audience-room on ground floor. Principal entrance 50ft. wide. Acoustic properties unsurpassed. Seating, lighting, and ventilation perfect. Full stock of new scenery. Fifteen large dressing-rooms. Elegant parlors, reception and cloak rooms. Will either rent or share. For dates address
16-13t* HARRY DEAKIN, Manager.

STEINAU JEWELRY CO.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

CHEAP JEWELRY

HEADQUARTERS FOR

PEDDLERS' SUPPLIES, STREET JEWELRY, GIFT DEALERS, AND THE GENERAL TRADE.

AT WHOLESALE ONLY.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS

STEINAU JEWELRY CO.,
16-tf P. O. BOX 616, CINCINNATI, O.

OPERA HOUSE

COLUMBIA, So. Ca.

EUGENE CRAMER.....BUSINESS-MANAGER

All companies on the Southern route will find here an APPRECIATIVE PUBLIC, A MODEL THEATRE, NO LICENSE, FINE SCENERY, WELL-FURNISHED STAGE, STAGE-HANDS AND ATTACHES WHO KNOW THEIR BUSINESS AND ATTEND TO IT.

THE WHEELER HOUSE.

OWEN DALY.....PROPRIETOR

Best Hotel in the city. Near to Opera-house. Reduced rates given to the Profession, and satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Will contract for BUS FARE and BAGGAGE TRANSPORTATION at the lowest possible rates. [11-12t*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In consequence of the severe pressure of the times, and our inability to meet the demands of our creditors, we have been compelled to

GIVE UP BUSINESS,

LOSING OUR ENTIRE OFFICE

PERSONAL PROPERTY, ETC.

At considerable expense we have been able to

PROTECT THE CUTS

BELONGING TO

MOST OF OUR PATRONS,

and we will cheerfully give full information in relation to such CUTS to all who desire it.

Thanking our many patrons for their past favors, we would say, in conclusion, that

JACKSON'S
PRINTING HOUSE
IS NO MORE.

J. E. JACKSON & BRO.
PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—FOR INFORMATION IN RELATION TO CUTS, ADDRESS J. E. JACKSON,
16-3t] NO. 2,026 FITZWATER ST., PHILADELPHIA.

THE OLYMPIC
NOVELTY THEATRE,
622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
WILL OPEN
FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON
ON MONDAY, AUGUST 14, 1876,
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
Col. Wm. E. Sinn.
GEO. R. EDESON.....AS'T MANAGER
Also of the New Park Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. S. SANDERSON,
BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER, OLYMPIC THEATRE, NEW YORK.

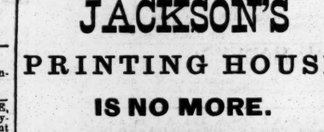
THE OLYMPIC THEATRE
will be conducted upon the same principle as the
NEW PARK THEATRE
of Brooklyn, viz., First-class Dramatic Attractions, and the best Variety and Novelty Specialties, occasionally alternating with the most Popular Dramatic Stars, making the Olympic the only Dramatic Star Theatre in this section of New York City.

Dramatic Stars and First-class Specialty Artists Wanted
commencing Aug. 14, and to end of season. Attractions will be booked with connecting dates for PARK NOVELTY THEATRE, Brooklyn, and OLYMPIC NOVELTY THEATRE, New York. Address as above. It is requested that no offence will be taken at unanswered letters, in consequence of numerous other duties. Inclose no stamp; silence a polite negative. 16-2t

FRED SIEGEL,
BALLET MASTER AND DANCER; also
MISS EMMA SIEGEL,
PREMIERE DANSEUSE, have concluded a successful season of ten months at Baltimore and Washington. Managers, address for season of '76 and '77 for above business, or dates for comique and character dances, FRED SIEGEL, Preston st., near Elmwood st., Detroit, Mich. 16-2t*

TO CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW MANAGERS.
JAMES MARTIN & SON,
Manufacturers of Circus and Show Canvases, Bunting, Flags, etc. 114 Commercial street, Boston.
PRICE LIST SENT BY RETURN MAIL. 14-13t*

JIG, CLOG AND BREAKDOWN DANCING MADE EASY.



With sketches of noted Jig Dancers (illustrated). Sent prepaid on receipt of 50 cents. ED. JAMES,
98 and 99 Centre street, New York City.
RED CLOGS with JINGLES from $4 per pair.

SEAVEY'S SCENIC STUDIO
ESTABLISHED 1865.
Theatrical scenery of every description. Halls and theatres refitted in latest style. Every stage requisite. For sale, one new first-class Irish panorama, reasonable. Address LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY, 8 Lafayette place, N. Y. City. Franco Fountain Stencils and Colors for amateurs and the trade. Several second-hand 10x15ft. scenes. Price low. 200 folding opera-chairs, Nolan's latest, in quantities to suit, cheap. 11-13t*

AT LIBERTY!
SAMUEL JACKSON,

LATE OF THE FIRM OF J. E. JACKSON & BRO.,
Jackson's Printing-house, Philadelphia,
and for many years in charge of Press-room LEDGER JOB OFFICE, is now at liberty to accept of a position as Pressman in a first-class Show Printing-house. Has had years of experience in every variety of work, especially Wood-cut Printing. Address
SAMUEL JACKSON,
No. 30 SOUTH TWELFTH STREET,
16-3t Philadelphia.

MISS LIZZIE MASON,
THE DASHING LITTLE BLONDE AND SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST,
will hereafter travel with the Ilferd Sisters—Belle and Celia. Managers can address No. 146 Clark street, Chicago, Ill. 16-2t

C. W. BARRY,
having arranged to commence his starring tour, 1876-77, with
J. H. McVICKER, ESQ.,
in Chicago (2 weeks, commencing Aug. 28), is prepared to negotiate for after dates elsewhere for the production of his successful play-drama of
THE SPY,
OR AMERICA 100 YEARS AGO,
and his new drama of
ECHOES,
A TALE OF THE PAST.
Mr. Barry carries with him dresses and important effects, and has splendid printing for both pieces.
Address care SIMMONDS & WALL. 16-3t*

BANJO

BANJO, BOGAN'S PROFESSIONAL SILVER RIM AND ROSEWOOD BANJOS. Silver rim, sum $14 to $50; Rosewood, $10 to $30; Plain, $5 to $20. All kinds of Musical Instruments and strings sent C. O. D. Bogan's Simplified Banjo Manual, the most easily acquired and only method of the kind ever published, enabling any person to play at sight. Contains 20 popular airs, with full directions for practice. Price, bound in cloth, $5. Banjo, song-and-dance jig and clog dancing taught for the stage. Bogan's Guide to the Stage, or Dancing without a Master, comprising all the above-named dances, complete, containing 65 steps, price $1. Send stamp for catalogue and price-list. Address JOHN J. BOGAN, 160 E. Houston street, N. Y. 17-1t*

MARCUS MORIARTY.
Last two seasons at
McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO.
At Liberty for Fall and Winter season. Walking Gentlemen, with share of either Juveniles or Heavies.
Address SIMMONDS & WALL, 8 Union square,
15-4t* Or 97 West Madison st., Chicago, Ill.

H. MINDHEIM & CO.,
FROM PARIS,
378 BOWERY, N. Y.
THEATRICAL
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Goods sent C. O. D.
Business house in Paris,
5-26t* 26 BOULEVARD VOLTAIRE.

WIGS! WIGS!
SCHMIDT & FOOTNER,
FROM BOW STREET, LONDON.
Theatrical wig, beard and moustache makers.
Character wigs from $4. 746 BROADWAY, N. Y.
7-13t* GOODS SENT C. O. D.

MUSIC OF THE DAY.
FOR ORCHESTRA, REED AND BRASS BANDS.
The cheapest and best arrangement of BAND MUSIC in this country. The favorite compositions of SINGARTEN, WIEGAND, HERMAN etc., can be selected from our catalogue. SCHACHT'S favorite Dances, Popular Medley Quadrilles and Quicksteps. Our Overtures, Selections, etc., for SMALL ORCHESTRA, are highly recommended. Send for circular. A. M. SCHACHT & CO.,
7-13t* 175 Allen street, New York.

SAMPSON'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
RONDOUT, N. Y.
is now open and can be RENTED on advantageous terms.
11-13t* Apply to PHIL. SAMPSON, Rondout, N. Y.

HOLMAN
OPERA-HOUSE,
LONDON, ONTARIO,
To Let by the Night or Week.
Combinations played on liberal sharing terms or certainties. STARS desiring dates for the Fall and Winter season will please address GEO. HOLMAN,
14-13t London, Ontario, Canada.

PROF. BURCHARD,
THE EUROPEAN MAGICIAN,
can be engaged on moderate terms by responsible parties during the season of 1876. For particulars address
PROF. BURCHARD, Springfield, Mass.
A CARD TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
PROF. BURCHARD is an Inventor of Magical Tricks. He has just completed a Trunk large enough to admit a man. He calls it AMERICAN TRUNK MYSTERY. He also has made improvement on the Hindu Box, and many others; and now he is open for engagement to responsible parties, on reasonable terms. Yours truly,
13-tf PROF. BURCHARD, Springfield, Mass.

WOOD'S THEATRE,
CINCINNATI, O.
This popular and successful theatre will inaugurate the ninth regular dramatic season under the present Manager MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 4, 1876.

MACAULEY'S THEATRE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.,
will begin the fourth regular dramatic season
MONDAY EVENING SEPT. 11, 1876.
Owing to the great number of Dramatic and other Combinations preparing tours through the country the coming season, BUT ONE DRAMATIC COMPANY has been engaged for the two cities, thus affording an extra number of dates in both theatres FOR COMBINATIONS, DRAMATIC, OPERATIC, PANTOMIMIC, VARIETY, MINSTREL, AND OTHER FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS. The Dramatic Company and production of plays shall fully equal, if not excel, the standard of excellence upon which the prosperity of these theatres is based. Many of the strongest attractions are already secured, and negotiations are pending with others. Stars or Combinations wanting time, at either of the above theatres, will please address
10-tf B. MACAULEY, Louisville, Ky.

CENTENNIAL SLIDES READY.

PLEASE SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 13-13t*

BANJOS.—THE HENRY C. DOBSON PATENT BANJOS, closed on the back, warranted the champion-toned banjo of the world. No. 1, rosewood, elegantly silver-mounted, $20; No. 2, $30; No. 3, $40; No. 4, $50. Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. New book, by simple method, containing an entire set of new tunes. The student can play instantly, without the aid of a master. Sent by mail on receipt of price, $5. Also dealer in all kinds of musical instruments. Instruction given on banjo and guitar, and in song-and-dance, jig and clog dancing. Send stamp for circular to 466 6th avenue, New York. A genuine banjo can be had only as above. 16-tf

CHAPMAN'S
FIFTH AVE. THEATRE CO.
WARNING
TO ALL MANAGERS AND COMBINATIONS, AND PROPRIETORS OF HALLS AND THEATRES.
I have SECURED the EXCLUSIVE RIGHT from Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY to play PIQUE, BIG BONANZA, DIVORCE, MONSIEUR ALPHONSE, UNDER THE GASLIGHT, etc., in all towns and cities of the United States and Canadas, with the exception of the principal cities. Any infringement on my right will be dealt with according to law.
FRANK M. CHAPMAN, Manager.
Will commence season of 1876-77 August 14. 15-4t*

THE CARROLLS
tour unequaled Specialty Stars, can be engaged for the coming season. Managers can address 42 Bond street, N. Y.—R. M. CARROLL. 16-tf

CHARLESTON, S.C.
OWENS' ACADEMY OF MUSIC
JOHN E. OWENS, PROPRIETOR.
The above elegant establishment may be rented by the night or week for DRAMATIC COMBINATIONS, STARS, Operatic and Concert Troupes, etc., etc. Seating capacity 1,200. Six private boxes, etc. Agents for first-class entertainment will address
FRANK ARTHUR, Business-manager.
Henry McCaffrey's Music Store,
11-tf Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
OWENS' ACADEMY OF MUSIC
MUSIC HALL DEPARTMENT.
This elegant hall is prepared for applications for BALLS, FAIRS, FESTIVALS, LECTURES, etc., etc.
SEATING CAPACITY, 800.
Rent per night.....$ 40
For six nights and matinee.....210
Apply to FRANK ARTHUR, Business-manager, care Henry McCaffrey's Music Store, Baltimore, Md. [13-tf

ESTABLISHED 1842.
W. DAZIAN,
289 BOWERY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER
OF
Theatrical and Equestrian Goods.
The largest assortment in all shades and qualities of SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS, TARLATANS, LACE, SHAWLS, SACQUES AND FLOUNCINGS, GOLD AND SILVER ARMOR CLOTHS, BROCADES, LACES, FRINGES, SPANGLES, JEWELS. Also, constantly on hand, and made to order, all kinds of Silk, Linen-thread, Worsted and Cotton Shirts, and Tights, Leotard Bodydresses, Trunks, Clown, Monkey and Gymnastic Suits. Paddings a specialty. Everything necessary for a complete costume and evening dress.

BOATING AND GYMNASIUM OUTFITS
Of Every Description
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND MADE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.
Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States or Canadas. 8-13t*

MISS MINNIE PALMER,
the charming and talented young actress, having secured a good and